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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, SUMMER, 1952

VOLUME X

NUMBER 2

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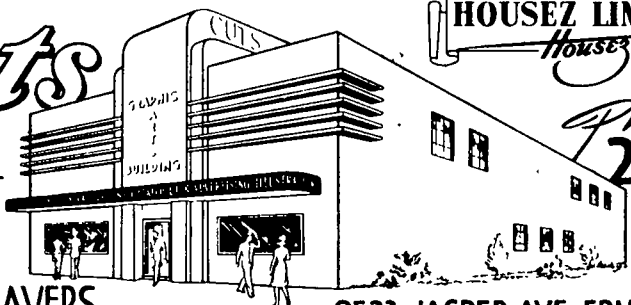
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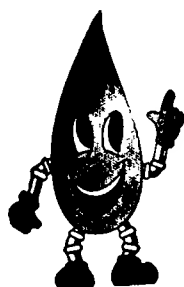
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A quarterly publication of the University of Alberta
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Annual subscription to *The New Trail* is \$2.00. If the subscriber is an alumnus of the University of Alberta, subscription is included in the annual membership dues of the Alumni Association. (See page 60.)

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Printed by the University Printing Department.

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The Editor's Page

● Alumni Homecoming—February 27, 28, March 1.

On a warm evening in July a special committee of the alumni executive met to discuss plans for homecoming.

This was an inspired meeting from the start, and it was obvious that if the planners had their way it was going to be an occasion worth cheering about.

Probabilities and possibilities cropped up in droves—what to have and where to have it, should it be held on or off the campus, what was a right price and all the multitudinous details that go into the making of a successful alumni "do".

Enthusiasm knew no bounds, in fact so much so that everybody completely forgot the hour and almost their lunch.

As somebody cogitated, "A bit of tonight's exuberance passed on to the alumni generally would go a long way. Why there wouldn't be a hall large enough in Edmonton to hold them".

There could be more truth than fiction in that statement for next homecoming will only faintly resemble those that have gone before.

Firstly, the usual November date has been discarded and arrangements have been made to fuse alumni homecoming with the big student event of the year, Varsity Guest Week-end, February 27, 28, and March 1, 1953.

Another popular decision was to hold the main alumni function off the campus and this in the nature of a gala ball, Friday, February 27, in the new Tower banquet room of the Macdonald hotel, complete with fun, favours and floor show.

As your editor recalls there was some discussion at this meeting about limited accommodation. Checking those dates *February 27, 28, and March 1* on your calendars now could save disappointment at the turn of the new year.

● A Prairie Duststorm.

There is a tragic note behind the front cover illustration for this issue of *The New Trail*, the second in a series entitled "Typical Alberta Scenes". The artist, Mrs. L. E. Reid, who began painting at the age of fifty, met an untimely death last year when she fell on the stairs at her home in Vegreville.

Our capable front cover editor, H. G. Glyde, staff member of the University's Fine Arts department, writing in the publication, "Canadian Art", 1947, commented, "I think it safe to say that Mrs. Reid was the first enthusiast who arranged organized (art) classes through the Department of Extension. She had turned fifty years of age before she started to paint. For many years she had travelled the countryside with her husband during his visits to sick people. She saw the struggle of the country doctor in all weather, sometimes sub-zero, and the many difficulties in travelling through the deep snow; the small homes, the struggle of mankind for existence. Her experiences, and eventual understanding of this, her new country, brought about an urge to create and present her feelings through the medium of painting".

● The Unpredictable.

For many, an election is a dull thing. Others revel in the flurry of excitement. There was little of the first and much of the latter in the election last month of a new Chancellor to the University of Alberta.

It was a new experience for your editor and after surmounting the sizeable task of circularizing some 9,000 graduates (approximately 3,500 others would have received a vote if their addresses had been known) it was interesting to settle back and await the unpredictable.

The day before the counting of votes was to begin somebody asked, "What if a married graduate signs her maiden name only to the ballot?" The voting lists just indicated the married name which meant a rapid last minute check of the alumni files and the adding of maiden names, thereby speeding the counting process.

The University Act states that every bona fide member of convocation is entitled to witness counting procedure at such an election. Anticipating that there would be a fair number of graduates in attendance, Mr. G. B. Taylor, registrar and chief returning officer, provided for ample seating accommodation in the Senate chamber. One interested onlooker spent a few moments within.

From an alumni point of view the most encouraging aspect of the election revolved about the payment of general association fees. Through the medium of the ballot, it was possible to reach several hundred graduates not then in good standing with the alumni association.

As a result the good standing total was increased by 300 or more.

● Soul-Searching.

There's an Armageddon or two in the life of almost every editor, a time of climactic conflict and frenzied soul-searching when he's faced with the chore of writing publicly about himself.

With this issue of *The New Trail* your new secretary-editor finds himself in that predicament and by way of sparing his readers untold torture can sum up briefly by saying that he is a native Albertan, the son of J. W. E. Markle (alumni secretary from 1947-51), a graduate in arts and journalism from the U. of A. and Carleton College respectively, married, and delighted to be back in the West after a brief sojourn in the East.

● Aeons and Anecdotes.

The month of May seems aeons ago. But before taking leave of this issue of *The New Trail* we must record the success which accompanied the annual alumni banquet tendered graduands, their parents and friends prior to spring convocation.

Attendance was not as large as anticipated, however 173 persons sat down to an excellent meal served by Miss Beth Empey and her staff in Athabasca Hall. Soft dinner music, a new innovation this year, set a convivial mood and toasts were few and well spoken.

Dr. J. Macdonald, retiring Dean of the Arts and Science faculty, and guest speaker, charmed his audience with a series of amusing anecdotes apropos of his early scholastic days in the "old" country and here, over a period of many years, at the University of Alberta.



DR. EARLE PARKHILL SCARLETT
New Chancellor, University of Alberta

Our New Chancellor

BY ANGUS C. MCGUGAN

The buffalo had ceased to roam but the deer and the antelope still played on the western plains when a lusty cry emitting from the Methodist parsonage in High Bluff, Manitoba, announced the arrival of another new citizen of Canada and a future Chancellor of the University of Alberta. This newly born infant was to become as much a part of the "prairie" provinces as its plains and park-lands, its forests and lakes and its foot-hills and mountains.

Of Irish decent on both sides of the family, Earle Parkhill Scarlett inherited that racial sense of humour, that intense joy of living and the capacity for extracting fun from adversity, all of which characterize those of his racial extraction. From his parents he also inherited an active interest in people, a warm personality and a kindly courtesy which invariably makes each new acquaintance become a steadfast friend. His father was a Methodist clergyman and although the family was restricted in financial resources, both parents were rich in wisdom and learning. His father sparked his interest in English and the classics and started Earle in his studies of Greek and Latin in his tenth year. His mother "kept him on the piano bench" until his musical education was such that he was prepared to play for the sheer love of playing. There was always a good library at his disposal and books were as much a part of his world as were the members of his family. During the first fifteen years of his life, Earle shared with his parents the nomadic life of the Methodist clergyman of the old dispensation. His public and high school education was acquired in the schools of Manitoba. A bright spot of each year was the summer vacation spent on Georgian Bay between Midland and Perry Sound. Here he acquired a love of fishing and an interest in the tribal lore of the Huron Indians. Here he came under the fascination of Huronia, a part of Canada rich in legend.

After he had been graduated from secondary school at the age of fifteen, it became Earle's responsibility to finance his education and his future. As did so many boys of his generation, he worked in many capacities at many jobs. At one time or other he was a messenger boy, a store clerk, an employee in construction camps, a teacher in the summer schools of Manitoba, and finally a sleeping car conductor.

War interrupted Earle's civilian career when he enlisted in 1915. He finally found himself with the Second Machine Gun Battalion in France. He served with this battalion during the battle of Amiens, August 8th, 1918. Later during the attacks on the Hindenburg Line in front of Arras he was severely wounded. He spent the next seven months in hospitals. His father also served in France as a padre, attached to one of the casualty clearing stations. One incident of his hospitalization period stands out very clearly in Earle's memory. Shortly after he was wounded he was awakened from a sound sleep to find his father and two officers

standing beside his bed. He was introduced to the two medical officers, the now world famous Doctors Cushing and Cabot.

After Earle was graduated in Arts from the University of Manitoba, he lectured in English at Wesley College. He then proceeded to Toronto to study Medicine. This was the day of such great teachers as Doctors Cameron, Primrose and McMurrich at Toronto. Here he founded and edited "The University of Toronto Medical Journal", the first undergraduate medical publication on this continent. After he was graduated in Medicine from Toronto, Dr. Scarlett spent three years internship at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. Then, as now, this hospital was one of the great service and teaching institutions in North America. Following his period of service in Detroit, Dr. Scarlett received an appointment as Assistant Professor in Medicine at the State University of Iowa. After about a decade of absence from his beloved Western Canada Dr. Scarlett returned to Calgary in 1930. Here he has served the people of Southern Alberta faithfully and well, not only in his vocation of Medicine in which he has established an international reputation for proficiency but also in his avocations of music, art and citizenship generally. As well as being President of the Calgary Associate Clinic and Senior Consultant in Medicine of the Colonel Belcher Hospital he is a life member of the Calgary Y.M.C.A.; member of the Board of the Calgary Symphony Orchestra; Past-Chairman, Regional Advisory Board, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (1938-1940); Editor, "Historical Bulletin" Calgary Associate Clinic; member Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee, Alberta; Chairman, Selection Committee, University of Alberta National Award in Letters.

For Dr. Scarlett, his home is the centre of his universe. A Scotty, "Jamie MacGregor" and a Beagle, "Jonathan Wrinkles" greet him with a boisterous welcome at the family gate. The sound of ashes being knocked out of his pipe against the step railing heralds his returns home after a strenuous day. An hour or so in his garden clears away the fatigue of a day spent in the consideration of the physical and mental mal-adjustments of his patients. Then comes the crowning recreation of the day, an hour or so in an easy chair either with a good book or a concert from the favorites of his music library, Bach, Beethoven or Mozart.

For his formal holiday he prefers hikes through the mountains, horseback rides through the foothills or just a mountain cabin holiday with his wife and the three children who will carry on the family traditions.

The University of Alberta has been particularly fortunate in its choice of chancellors in the past and Dr. Scarlett will be a worthy successor to a long line of eminent predecessors. In him we have an outstanding scholar, a soldier and an Irish-Canadian gentleman. Can one find higher qualifications than these?





The University of Alberta Mixed Chorus on Spring Tour
At site of "Twelve Foot Davis' " Grave, Peace River Town

"Maytime in Alberta"

Early church-goers in north Edmonton on the first Sunday in May were startled to see three chartered busses roll by, full of gaily singing young people. The busses were startling, indeed, colourfully painted with strange figures and even stranger slogans. One vehicle proudly announced to puzzled pedestrians that from its windows one could get a "Fair View". Another's luggage compartment was designated "Beaver Lodge"!

It was the University of Alberta Mixed Chorus starting its annual spring tour and launching "Maytime In Alberta", a four day cultural festival in eight Peace River towns.

"Headed north!" The ninety choristers kept repeating the phrase over and over, still finding it hard to believe that after three years of much talk and crossed fingers, they were actually on their way. For most of us, natives of southern and central Alberta, Edmonton was as far north as we had ever travelled; those whose families were in the north eagerly looked forward to introducing their favourite campus organization to their home towns.

There were scores of details to iron out. Hard-working Don Hepburn, business manager of the Chorus, obtained transportation, distributed the Students' Union grant to cover incidental expenses, worked with sponsors over the billeting, and did a host of other tasks. Professor Richard Eaton, conductor, spent many hours getting the chorus back into shape after examinations were over. Miss Maimie Simpson, the University's Dean of Women, was again our chaperone. Always there when needed, Miss Simpson was ready with a needle, a pill, or a word of advice. She is an indispensable member of our tours. During the concerts, Bruce Hatfield, president of the Chorus, sparked the intermissions with witty talks. A medical student, Bruce also came supplied with various medications, and was constantly called upon to provide remedies for sore throats, headaches, and other minor ailments.

It was a long first day—12 hours on the bus—but not without interest. Southerners discovered that Grande Prairie was not slightly east, or due north, but was very much west, as far west as Jasper! Names in school books became realities—Slave Lake, still partly covered with ice, accompanied us for miles. Miles, too, of blackened stumps, were a bleak reminder of forest fires, and the smouldering muskeg was everywhere.

On arrival in Grande Prairie, we were quickly billeted in private homes, as we were elsewhere on tour, and received our first introduction to the wonderful hospitality of the north. No singing that night—just much-needed sleep!

"Maytime in Alberta", the four day cultural festival co-sponsored by the University and the provincial government and which made the circuit of eight Peace River towns in the early spring, was to have been commented upon in *The New Trail* in three parts.

Miss Mary Lou Lister, B.A. '51, has given us a graphic account of the fortunes of the University Mixed Chorus; C. Thomas Peacocke the trials and tribulations of taking a stage play on the road. However our commentator for the arts and handicraft exhibit became enmeshed in summer duties and was unable to meet the publication deadline.

Next day the Chorus met its sponsors at a special Rotary luncheon, and that evening, with much trepidation, we faced a large crowd from the stage of a fine school auditorium, and gave our all. The audience was delighted, the Chorus was delighted, and the tour was off to a fine start.

Tuesday afternoon we arrived in the agricultural center of Beaverlodge. The town has a population of 500, and 600 of them attended the concert! Overwhelmed, we gave one of our best concerts, and were in turn rewarded with some very fine music for dancing later in the evening.

After lunching, shopping, and taking pictures of the Mile "O" post at Dawson Creek, we climbed back into the busses for a trip to the new Peace River bridge. We managed to overcome our awe of the magnificent river valley long enough to clamber down the banks and taste the water of the great river, for it is said that he who drinks of the "mighty Peace" will never be satisfied until he returns to the north.

Back in Dawson Creek, we found ourselves billed to sing in the auditorium of the new composite High School. The next morning a special program was given for the school children. Before leaving, we toured the new primary school, where we watched pint-sized youngsters working at pint-sized desks, in charming and colourful surroundings. Very much impressed, the Chorus said goodbye to Dawson Creek and headed back to Alberta.

Spirit River was another legendary name now become a reality. Chorus members were billeted in near-by Rycroft as well, and thoroughly enjoyed "commuting" to the concert and back. The large garage in which the program was presented had just about the best acoustics of any hall enroute. The wonderful resonance delighted both the audience and the performers.

It took several hours to reach Fairview, only a few miles away. The ferry on the direct route was not yet running, so the busses forded the Smoky river farther south and east at Watino. A ferry ride was a novel experience to many of the Chorus members; later, before passing through Peace River town, we found ourselves engulfed in the smoke of a small forest fire at the side of the road. All of us were glad that the longer trip had been necessary.

Fairview's School of Agriculture was impressive with its marvellous equipment and beautiful dormitory facilities. Many of us were billeted at the School and were delighted with the luxurious surroundings, and with the abundance of hot water which provided an opportunity for freshening ourselves and our suitcase contents.

For some of us, the day will always be especially remembered, for it was in Fairview that the graduation results were received. All the seniors were successful, which added a fillip to the tour.

All were up bright and early next morning, for a children's matinee was scheduled in Peace River, as well as an evening performance. In-between concerts, some of us took advantage of a lovely day and even lovelier surroundings to eat our supper on the river bank. That evening, despite the oppressive heat, a large and appreciative audience found energy enough to applaud until our last encore.

The next morning, we stopped at a famous spot of historic and aesthetic interest, "Twelve-foot Davis' " grave. On a hill overlooking the town of Peace River is the

grave of an old pioneer of the north, who requested that his last resting-place be there. It is a beautiful spot, from which the junction of three river valleys can be seen to the left, with the town nestling in the large valley directly below. The Chorus, famous for its noises, was silenced again by the awesome grandeur of the northland.

As the busses progressed toward McLennan for Sunday night's concert, we noticed menus and signs printed in both French and English.

Dust and changes of water are not kind to voices or constitutions, but until now, we had managed to get by on the dwindling supply of pills and medicines brought by Miss Simpson and "Doc" Hatfield. Near-tragedy struck the Chorus Monday morning, however, as one of the most important members, accompanist Jocelyn Rogers, became so ill she was unable to play at the final concert in High Prairie. Donna Parker, assistant accompanist, was obliged to take over almost without notice.

The final "wind-up" party was both nostalgic and noisy. Thanks to our sponsors, the party was held in the same hall as the concert. High Prairie's high school students served refreshments, and provided records for dancing. The evening was sparked with gift presentations, many of them of a comic nature and commemorating incidents on tour.

During the final concert, a trick was played on Mr. Eaton, our conductor. The sheet-music of the popular song, "The Girl with the Green Sleeves" was substituted for "My Ladye Greensleeves", one of the Chorus selections. Mr. Eaton was known to have a strong aversion to the recent adaptation of the lovely Elizabethan song. As a final insult, he was asked to sing the new version at the party. Much to everyone's amazement and delight, he did, complete with appropriate Western twang and maudlin sentiment.

One bus left for Edmonton directly after the party, so that graduating members could get back in time for some of the festivities. Our goodbyes were lengthy, for we were reluctant to let a part of our number go. We were sorry, too, to say goodbye to three fine bus drivers, who had become fast friends of the Chorus during their ten-day association with us.

It was the end of another successful spring tour. As the busses left High Prairie Tuesday morning, we were still hoarsely singing—a new song. The voices were negligible, but there was plenty of enthusiasm:

"When it's 'Maytime in Alberta',
We'll be coming back to you;
When it's Maytime in Peace River,
With your bonny skies so blue"

We had all drunk of the mighty Peace; and we knew that some day we would return.

* * * *

It was most fitting that "Widger's Way" be chosen as the play to be taken on the "Maytime" tour. Firstly, because it was written by Alberta's own Gwen Pharis Ringwood and secondly because of its great adaptability and ease of pro-

duction. Thirdly, the play was a reflection of Alberta life, a bit exaggerated perhaps, but certainly of sufficient truth for us to see in one character or another a bit of ourselves as typical western Canadians. The touring of this play has done much toward the realization that here in the west, there exists a culture different from any other and that it is worth nurturing and developing that it may grow even stronger and more dynamic.

Many technical difficulties faced us—how were we going to be able to carry all of our light and sound equipment and how could we pack our flats and other scenery into our small panel delivery? The first two questions were easily answered—we merely had special, very versatile, portable equipment made. Our flat problem was a little more pressing until we finally decided to use a collapsible aluminum framework around which we bound our hessian "canvas" with drawstrings. This proved to be very compact and very easy to assemble and take down. The remaining parts of our scenery were all made so they would collapse into the smallest possible size. All of the preparatory work of scene construction and planning was done by the cast under the capable guidance of Professor Robert Orchard of the U. of A.

Finally we got the show on the road. Ahead of us lay eight performances; eight times we were to assemble and collapse our scenery, light and sound; eight times we were to dress and put on our makeup in either a garage or a modern dressing room (as in the Dawson Creek high school); eight times we were to average five to six hours of sleep. Sometimes we were able to take a bath; other times we were lucky to share a sink. But the spirit that possessed the old Chautauqua soon surged through us. The show was all that mattered and every effort was directed to the successful production of it.

It would be selfish to say that we (the cast), alone, did all the work. Had it not been for the tremendous amount of help received from the teen-agers in most of the towns visited it is doubtful whether we would have been able to put the performances on at all. In many of the halls and auditoriums it was necessary to set up improvised rigging in order that we could hang our lights or put up our scenery. It was here and in the quick scene changes that our local help was so invaluable. Indeed, we would likely all have perished from sheer exhaustion if their aid had not been close at hand.

Despite all this help the itinerary for each day provided for little leisure time. At eight a.m. we would rise, then eat, rush down to the hall, pack the equipment and drive on to the next town. The distance we travelled each day varied from twenty-five to four hundred miles. Arriving at our destination at about one or two in the afternoon we would unpack, have lunch and then set up our scenery, lights, etc. At about four o'clock our operations would be slowed down by the presentation to the school children of Carl Hare's "Punch and Judy" show. The hanging of lights took the bulk of the time as most of the halls had little or no provision for the two-color system of lighting that we used. In one place we would have to cut holes in the ceiling; in the next we would have to hang up a special iron rod. When the lights were finally focused and the sound and sight lines checked we would be ready for supper with one hour to eat, dress and make up.

It wasn't much time but night after night we did it and loved every minute of it. It was hot and hard work and our fatigue in no way enhanced the performance. When the show was over there was still the set to strike, and after that we attended a function given in our honor. At the stroke of two or three a.m. (depending on the function) we would fall into bed to remain completely senseless until the hotel keeper awakened us to start the vicious circle rolling again.

But the cast was "up" to each barrier thrust in its path. It was a hardy group, a mixture of each part of our great province. North, south, east and west; farm, small town, and big town were all represented. From Grande Prairie there was John Moore; from Edmonton, Professor Orchard, Ted Kemp, Carl Hare, Ted Patterson, Craig Elliott, and Don and Betty Wilson; from Calgary, Frank Glenfield; from Provost, Clara Angletvedt; and from Barons, Tommy Peacocke. With the tour as its welder, these eleven individuals became fused together into one compact unit. Besides the thrilling experience of being on the road each person made ten very close friends.

The tour was as gratifying financially as it was personally. In every town we played to a full or near full house. So encouraging was this tour of "Widger's Way" that the director, Mr. Orchard, is planning to take more productions into rural Alberta. If he can do this, it is certain that interest and activity in the fine arts will be immeasurably increased. Through this medium, perhaps, we can counteract the growing forces of materialism and so make our province and subsequently our nation a better and richer place in which to live.



University of Alberta National Award Winners

Three distinguished Canadians, recognized for their outstanding contributions in the fields of music, painting and the related arts, and letters were named recently as winners of the University of Alberta national awards in arts.

They were Sir Ernest Campbell MacMillan, who received the U. of A. national award in music, Frederick Stanley Haines, R.C.A., the award in painting and related arts, and Dr. Edwin John Pratt, the award in letters. All three are resident in Toronto.

The awards were presented by representatives of the University's board of governors on August 14th during Festival Week at the Banff School of Fine Arts.

This marks the second time that the U. of A. awards have been granted, similar recognition having been bestowed last year on Dr. Healey Willan, Dr. Alexander Y. Jackson, and Miss Maza de la Roche. Instituted with the purpose of fostering a greater appreciation of the arts in Canada, the awards are placed annually for meritorious contribution, over a period of years, to the advancement of music, the graphic arts and letters.

Selection committees include a member nominated by the U. of A. board of governors and two representatives of the national organization in each field. Organizations which assist in choosing the winners are the Canadian Authors Association for the letters award, the Canadian Music Council for music, and the Canadian Arts Council for the painting award.

THE YUMA PEOPLE

By J. G. MacGREGOR

To the right and below the sandy knoll lay the nearest oil well, its derricks extending to the blue sky. On the left shone the battery of gathering tanks, collecting oil from four adjacent wells. Beyond the Redwater River, a quarter of a mile distant, the land clad in all the beauty of autumn sloped upward to the horizon five miles away. The fields dotted thickly with stooks of wheat were evidence of the richness of the soil. Interspersed with the stooks and extending over the whole panorama were other oil wells, dozens of them. The land seemed a never ending succession of wheat fields and oil wells. At some wells the derricks were standing but at most they had been taken down and the presence of the wells was shown only by pumps rising and falling, rising and falling, pumping oil to the gathering lines—oil that would soon reach Lake Superior via the pipe-line halfway across Canada.

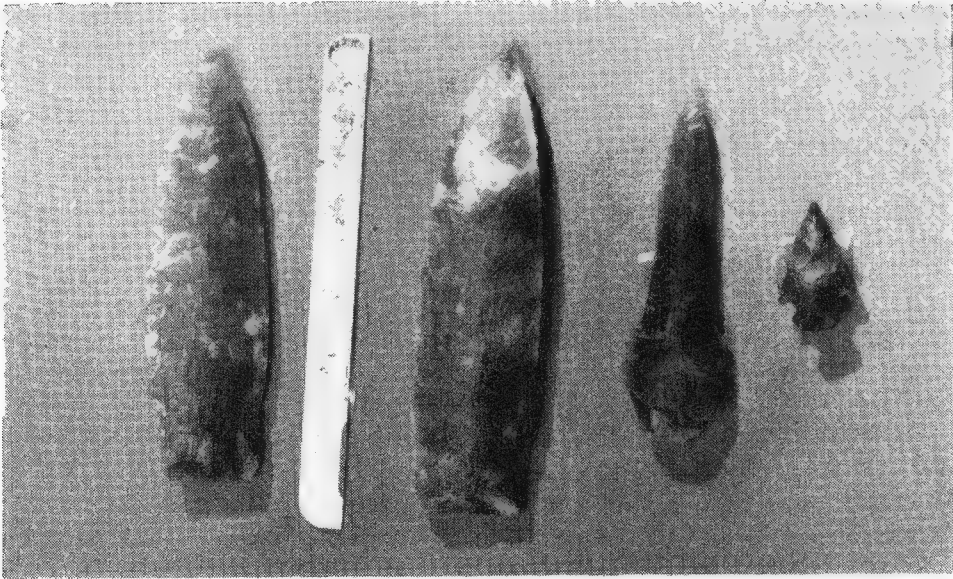
"Oil for the Lamps of China", said E. L., then correcting himself, "Oil for the war in China." Then soliloquizing, "and wheat—a bumper crop. Wheat and oil so we can supply our soldiers and make them mobile. So that we can make munitions. With a countryside so rich and peaceful and so beautiful, why must we be at war?"

But E. L. Smith is my fellow in the folly of arrowhead hunting, and we had not come to see oil wells or to rejoice in scenery. We had glimpsed this sandy ridge from afar and had decided that when we reached its top we would be rewarded by finding arrowheads there. We hoped that on its top there might be one or more "blowouts", that is that the soil might be sandy enough that the winds would have blown off the top soil and scooped a depression two or three feet deep. Our guess was right, for there were three "blowouts." We had not walked more than thirty feet into the first before E. L. stooped and picked up an arrowhead, shouting as he did so "found one". My turn came next as I picked up a short shiny black beauty. We found several others during the next two hours as we scanned first one "blowout" and then another. The climax came somewhat later when E. L., who was a few steps ahead of me, stooped and yelled simultaneously, and then face aglow, held up an arrowhead nearly four inches long whose patination showed that it had lain there perhaps 10,000 years. He had found a Yuma, the most prized of all artifacts. Ours was a thrill worth a summer's hunting.

We examined it in turn, admiring its symmetry and beauty, turning it over and over, passing it back and forth and gloating over it, this Yuma point 10,000 years

Popular demand, that much sought after commodity in the literary world, is no stranger to our own James G. MacGregor, B.A. '26, B.Sc. (E) '29. A host of our readers after perusing **The Athabasca Trail** in the winter, 1951, issue of **The New Trail** immediately clamoured for more. In fact several of them set off, while the story was fresh, to track down "these two old cronies, the rail and the telegraph", who are reputed to talk over and over again the many secrets of the North country which they have shared so long.

Mr. MacGregor's story for this issue **The Yuma People** has its origin in the Ice Age and it's interesting speculating with the author about life in Alberta back in the days when the hills "must have resounded to the trumpeting of the hairy mammoth in the muskegs".



Two Yuma projectile points and an awl of beautiful workshop. A more modern arrowhead is shown on the left so as to give a comparison in size.

old. "I guess they prepared for war even in those days", mused E. L. "Probably, as a condition of their existence, all virile races have to fight and be ready to fight; the others, the unfit and the unready, disappear from the face of the earth."

Here surely was a contrast in time and methods. Here 10,000 years ago sat the Yuma arrowhead maker patiently chipping his weapon. Here but last week, the oil driller was forging our weapon, and the farmers were even now gathering in their crops, another weapon.

How did this arrowhead come to be here? It is a long story. We can make intelligent guesses but the following are the highlights of the story.

Twenty thousand years ago, as the sun swept over the continent of America every day, it shone on a land devoid of human beings. Twenty thousand years ago the moon's light was reflected every night from the glaciers of Canada and no human eye was cheered by it. For those were the centuries when the huge Laurentide Glacier from the east had pushed west and joined the Cordillerian Ice Sheet. The two had met in the foothills of Alberta and, thenceforth, had strode south grinding and tearing at each other and laying waste the land until they had covered it with ice thousands of feet thick.

But the sun, marching patiently across the land eventually won the battle against the ice and snow. There came a day, maybe 15,000 years ago, when the glaciers were in full retreat and had been melted along the junction of the east and west ice sheets. Along this junction, then, an ice free corridor was formed from Alaska east to the valley of the MacKenzie River and thence south to Edmonton. As the years went by and the ice retreated, vegetation followed it and

gained a foot-hold—aspens, the firs, larches and pines following the grasses and shrubs, for there was much moisture in the land.

Hard on the heels of the grasses came the animals of the time. They were essentially the wild animals of the present, but a few were of species destined to die out before the coming of the white man many thousands of years later. There were the rodents led by the beaver, or rather by a beaver long since extinct and larger than the present species. There were the carnivores—the sabre-toothed tiger, a fearsome beast, and the huge grizzly, and many others. They fed on the rodents and on the grazing and browsing animals. They fed too on the deer, moose, elk and buffalo, the largest of which was a bison, long extinct, whose horn-spread was at least eight feet. Then too shuffling over the grassy glades and trumpeting in the marshy meadows, came the king of all these beasts, the huge hairy mammoth. All of these advanced from the south, and, again, after an absence of thousands of years, they populated the widening corridor that extended from Alaska to what is now the United States.

The stage was all set now for the entrance of the queerest of all animals—man. There was now the open corridor and it abounded in all the game animals which would provide food for thousands of men. And man was not long in arriving and in travelling down the open route to Alberta. Asia was an old land to him, for, throughout a hundred thousand years, his kind had been developing there. When the pressure of other people to the rear forced him into the uttermost tip of Siberia, the first new Canadian looked across the Bering Strait to Alaska and, crossing the Strait, emerged into an empty continent.

Some scientists believe that before our inland corridor was available to him, primitive man had travelled down the coast of B. C. and the Western States even as far as California, and, thence had worked across the mountains to the central States. Be that as it may, the main migration route by which the Americas were populated lay from Alaska to the MacKenzie River and thence south through Alberta.

And the Yumas, the makers of this early type of projectile point were the first people to take this route. How long ago? Ten thousand, twelve thousand, fifteen thousand years ago? Who shall say exactly? But somewhere about this time the Yuma people came to Alberta.

They were an adventurous people, these Yumas who dared the mountain masses of Alaska. They were a hardy people these Yumas, who, during many generations had dared to push on down the corridor through muskeg and forest, across swollen glacier fed streams and over ice-rimmed lakes. They were a steadfast people who advanced through the regions of ice and blizzard in winters grip or crossed torrential rivers in summers short span and ever pressed on into habitable America. They were a brave people who fought the sabre-toothed tigers and the great grizzly, and slew the monstrous mammoth and ever advanced even till they came to what is now Central Alberta.

We call them Yumas. This is because in Yuma County is Colorado scientists first recognized the Yuma projectile points as a distinct variety. These points were



The author showing "fellow in folly" an arrowhead. They are sitting on the site of an ancient workshop where the ground is strewn with chips.

quite plentiful there. From these finds they were able to demonstrate that the people had lived there at least ten thousand years ago. Many had found these beautiful projectile points before, but the finds at Yuma, Colorado, were the first that gave any clue to their age.

And they are beautiful, these Yuma points—the most beautiful examples of chipped stone that have ever been created. Some of them reach a length of five inches and have a width of less than an inch and thickness only a quarter of an inch. They are wonderfully symmetrical and have a sharp serrated edge like a fine hack saw. Every arrowhead hunter thrills with pleasure, when he finds one.

We call these people Yumas. What did they call themselves? Not Yumas—for that is only our name for them. Undoubtedly they called themselves The People—and rightly. Were they not the people who marched ahead of their fellows? Were they not the people who first looked upon the prairies of Canada and the United States and found them fair; who spread over western Canada and found it empty of other men—a prairie teeming with buffalo and other game; who expanded into the U. S. A. and had a whole continent before them—nay, two continents? They were the leaders of a migration to a Promised Land—even all the Western Hemisphere. Yes indeed they were The People.

What a country must have lain before the first man to reach the Saskatchewan River near what is now Edmonton. After their sojourn of several generations in the forest and muskeg from Alaska to Alberta they must have gloried in Alberta as each changing campsite brought them further and further south. Here was a land high and firm, and forested, rich in game and dotted with numerous lakes

covered with wild-fowl, and many clear brooks teeming with fish. Here was food and drink and shelter from the storms of the winter. Ever so slowly they must have travelled south from here. The years in the wilderness were over. They had found the Promised Land.

Where did they dwell, these Yumas? It appears certain that they lived all over Alberta and, undoubtedly, but maybe to a lesser extent, in Saskatchewan. They kept mostly to the wooded portions in the north and in the foothills. It is likely that they lived in this area for one hundred or two hundred generations and in that time, of course, must have camped by every lake and stream in the two provinces. If we are to judge by the artifacts they left behind, the area along the north Saskatchewan River near Edmonton must surely have been a favorite place for them as well as for their Indian successors. As we have said, in those times, after the retreat of the glaciers, the country was half covered by lakes large and small. Along the shores of the large lakes sand dunes accumulated and the beaches along their east side were particularly sandy. In these sandy areas it is likely that they had campsites to which they returned year after year if indeed they were not perennial.

In such a sandy area lay the "blowout" beside the oilwells mentioned earlier. Such a lake, too, was Lostpoint Lake, also at the edge of an oilfield.

Lostpoint was never much of a lake. In Yuma times it may have covered a few square miles. When the first settler came in, sixty years ago, it had been reduced to two or three square miles. Today much of it is under cultivation. The rest a grassy marsh. In Yuma times a long spit projected into it from the east. This spit was crowned with a hill which rose maybe forty feet above the water. As the west winds blew and the waves beat on the shore, more sand accumulated. Here, then, was an ideal place for primitive campers to live. Generations, even a hundred generations, of stone age peoples camped and lived on this sandy hill which dipped sharply down to the lake at its foot.

How do we know they lived there? Because when the hill was ploughed by a modern farmer the wind was given a chance to blow off the top soil. Over patches as large as an acre it scooped out the sand to a depth of three or four feet. The scanty soil was blown away. The sand was blown away down to hardpan. Only those objects too heavy to blow away were left. So, lying on the hardpan in great profusion, were stone artifacts. Here and there lay the stones of primitive fireplaces burned red and cracked. Hard by lay bushels of broken bones of game animals.

During the past season the writer and E. L. Smith have seized from the sands of this and nearby ancient lake shores some three or four hundred arrowheads, not to mention artifacts of all other kinds, knives, awls, spoke-shaves, pecking hammers, scrapers—large and small—by the pocket full. There are few thrills to equal the search for, and the finding, of all things men seek from the face of the earth. Gold seekers, hunters of minerals, gem stones, or of dinosaur bones all know the thrill. The same thrills are given to the arrowhead hunter as he spies out the sandy hill from afar, hastens to it and finds a "blowout" on it. But gold, gems and minerals, are entirely inanimate. So, for that matter, are arrowheads. But then they are the workmanship of men long since dead—in some cases dead these ten thousand years.

And beautiful workmanship they are too. Some are gems of symmetry—little arrowheads of glossy black stone nearly an inch long and chipped to perfection. Awls carefully chipped to a poinard-like point. Some are of obsidian, chipped out on the site from the black volcanic glass imported or transported from the hills of southern Idaho and Yellowstone. Some are of agate, finely wrought, and others are of jasper. Most of them are made of quartzite or of chert or other flinty material. The Saskatchewan River abounds in petrified woods. These are of many types and colours, but the Indians seem to have had a liking for the beautiful red specimens and their old camp sites are littered with pieces carried up from the river. Several poor scrapers and knives, which are made of this material, are found lying around. Unfortunately it does not fracture well and a good artifact chipped out of this material is rare. Petrified dinosaur bones are also to be found in the gravels of the river, and these too the Indian carried up to their camps and chipped. And in the sand "blowout" lies all these artifacts by the handful and here and there amongst them is to be found a Yuma point or a Yuma awl. In some places the sand for a radius of ten feet is simply littered with chips as they dropped from the hand of the workman hundreds or thousands of years ago.

For this old hill at Lostpoint Lake had been a camping place to which primitive man had returned year after year for thousands of years. It was an ideal camping place on a sparsely wooded hill whose sandy soil did not churn into mud during the spring thaw or the summer rain. It was almost surrounded by a lake teeming with fish and wild fowl. The adjacent forests were wealthy with deer and moose. In Yuma times the hill must have resounded to the trumpeting of the hairy mammoth in the muskegs a mile or so north. In Yuma times the hill would be one of the first occupied as these people tramped down the corridor from the MacKenzie and Athabasca areas for it lay along the great migration route into America.

It seems significant that up to this point at least, Yuma projectile points have only been found on the top of the hill. Other arrowheads have been found all over the hill and even down to the margin of the present lake. It may be that lower part of the sand spit was covered by water in the years of the Yuma, but the hill was not. It stood well above the lake and there the Yuma camped. There we find their projectile points.

Scientists believe that in Yuma times even the bow and arrow had not been invented. It is thought to be a much later development and came into use maybe three or four thousand years ago. The Yuma projectile points are too long and heavy to have been used as arrows. But the march of progress if slow, was sure. Finally someone invented the bow and arrow. What consternation it must have raised among the tribes who were first attacked with this new weapon—this deadly weapon, the atom bomb of their age.

The Yumas and their successors for thousands of years must have camped at Lostpoint Lake. In the days when Moses led his people towards the Promised Land the Yuma were camped on this hill. When Cheops set his civilized slaves to build the great pyramid, Yuma people watched the sun set from this hilltop. The modern Indians were likely camped there too when news came that away to the east

on Hudson Bay, three months' journey down the Saskatchewan, strange white people were offering to trade metal tools and guns for beaver skins. On this hill undoubtedly camped the first white traders in the 1700's when they first penetrated this far west.

What tales this old hill could tell of its ten thousand years of inhabitants. What exploits took place in the surrounding forest as hunters fared forth after grizzlies, moose and buffalo. It could be that in sight of the hill on a mellow fall day a huge mammoth got mired in the marsh and puny men armed only with lances and spear throwers surrounded it and at long last with great effort succeeded in killing it. What jubilation there would be in camp that night as they roasted the meat over the stone fireplaces.

What tales could these old fireplaces tell of happiness and hardship, of heroism and heartburnings, of wars and rumours of wars as each race succeeded the other. What beacon fires blazed on the top of this hill, signalling to the other encampments on other hilltops twenty miles away the approach of the fresh migration of strangers and therefore of enemies from the north. What thousands of children, old crones and burned out hunters lie buried within arrow shot of these fireplaces. What young hearts here beat high with loves, ambitions and hopes.

E. L. and I visited many more old camp sites after leaving the one by the oilwell. Before dark we pitched our tent in a "blowout" at Lostpoint Lake. Almost before our little fire had boiled the water for tea the dark of the fall night had closed in on us. Beyond the tiny circle of light from the fire the bushes and grasses were alive with all the night sounds of the country.

"Eerie, isn't it" said E. L. "Especially camped as we are surrounded by the spirits of thousands of years of Indians and Yumas who have camped on this very spot", and, gesturing towards the darkness beyond the fire, "whose bones must lie out there."

As the dark increased the bank of clouds reflected the lights of Edmonton thirty miles to the south. There lay the main camp of the white men in this region. Ten miles to the east the sky was light with the rosy flares of oilwells extending along the horizon for miles. There white men toiled all through the night. But to the north the sky was unhampered by man. There the stars shone and the big dipper circled the pole. Out of the northwest, whence came the Yumas, a shaft of light stole upward toward the zenith. It wavered and flickered, now creamy, now red, now green. Soon it was joined by all the host of northern lights dancing, advancing and retreating, shooting across the sky. "It is the dance of the spirits of the Yumas", whispered E. L., "re-enacting the old fights with mammoth and grizzly. See yon quivering spear leaving the hunter's hand and rising high in the heavens, wobbling as it goes, then quivering as it strikes its quarry! 'Tis the dance of the spirits of the Yumas."





Two honorary doctorates of law and a special honour for Dr. G. Fred McNally, retiring chancellor, were conferred by the University at convocation exercises in May. At top, Hon. J. J. Bowlen, lieutenant-governor, receives one of the honorary degrees. From right are G. B. Taylor, registrar, adjusting the academic hood; the lieutenant-governor, Dr. McNally, and Dr. Andrew Stewart, University president, who presented Mr. Bowlen. Below, right, Dr. McNally accepts a scroll of honour from F. P. Golbroith, Red Deer publisher and member of the University senate. At left receiving an honorary degree, is Dr. Arthur Earl Walker, noted neurosurgeon of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland.

Report of the President to Convocation

May 15, 1952

BY ANDREW STEWART

In the President's Report to Convocation on October 20, 1952, I referred to a decrease in student enrolments, resulting partly from the graduation of student veterans and partly, and regrettably, from a decrease in freshman registration.

There is however some indication that the University is beginning to draw its student body from various parts of the Province more closely in proportion to population distribution; and it is hoped that the expansion of the Calgary Branch will stimulate this trend. It is common knowledge that Greater Edmonton, with some 18% of the population of this Province has in the past, provided the University with a relatively large proportion of its students. This year 35.6% of all students gave an Edmonton home address. However, only 22% of the first year students recorded their home as in Edmonton.

Professors who have been at the University for 20 years frequently claim that the students of today appear to be much younger than the students were 20 years ago. Contrariwise, it is sometimes said that students are remaining longer in school before coming to the University. Subject to all the difficulties of arriving at a correct interpretation of statistics, it appears that the professors, as usual, are right, but the reason is not that students are coming to the University at an earlier age. This year, among the civilian students, 85% were between 18 and 24 years of age. This compares with 74% in 1931-32. But 20 years ago, 20% of the student body were 25 years of age or older; in 1951-52, only 10%. I must leave you to find the correct solution to this interesting phenomenon.

While on the subject of students—and surely no subject is more important or intriguing—I must again pay tribute to the successful operation of student self-government. Among those whose sins have, from natural causes, been mostly committed, there is the traditional tendency to deplore the qualities and behaviour of the youth of the day. I frequently find myself in this company. It is therefore astonishing and gratifying to find that these illiterate, undisciplined and amoral products of the home and school do, for the most part, pass their examinations, conduct themselves with propriety, and in general behave in a manner which would be considered most creditable in the case of their parents. Nowhere are these fine capacities more evident than in the management of those matters which are left to the management of the students themselves.

The University is particularly grateful to those students who, during the past year, initiated Varsity Guest Weekend. This successful project was conceived by the Students' Council and executed almost wholly by the students themselves. We have no doubt that, over the years Varsity Guest Weekend will make a major contribution in establishing between the University and its community the friendly understanding which is in the interests of both.

I must once more express our gratitude to the staff for their generous co-operation, and their loyal service to the objects of the University. We are pleased that federal assistance has made possible in all Universities an upward adjustment of salaries which, in view of rising prices and money earnings in other occupations, was overdue. In addition, classes smaller than those during the peak of the veteran registration, are providing the instructional staff with the opportunity of performing more effectively their primary teaching function.

The activity of the academic staff in research and scholarly inquiry is again reflected in the large number of bulletins, reports and articles published. More than 130 have appeared in the past year. Some major works have been completed. Dean John Macdonald's most recent book "Mind, School and Civilization" is just out. The dust cover says 'A "traditionalist" speaks out for basic values in Education'. Professor E. S. Keeping is the joint author of a University text "Mathematics of Statistics". Drs. Healy, Faucher and Greene, in the Department of Modern Languages, have completed their University text in French. Members of the Faculty of Education have been busy in the preparation of school texts. Dr. W. D. McDougall has published on "The Commonwealth of Nations"; Dr. H. S. Baker a "Words and Ideas"; and Dr. Coutts has collaborated in the publications of texts in English literature.

On this occasion where we honour one of the distinguished graduates of the Faculty of Medicine, it seems appropriate to tell you something of the contribution which members of the medical profession are making to medical education in this province. Excluding the heads of the departments of anaesthesia, clinical medicine, clinical surgery, ophthalmology and pediatrics, 115 practising physicians and surgeons participate under the direction of these departments in clinical instruction to medical students. These highly qualified doctors bring to the University a variety of experience and talent which it would be impossible for the University to make available to its students in any other way. The honoraria vary with rank and the number of hours of clinical teaching. The average honorarium is less than \$275 per year: two-thirds of the clinical instructors receive \$200 or less; and the total remuneration of the 115 is equivalent to the salaries of 5 full-time professors. The debt of the University, the medical students, and the people of the province, to these men is very great. It is largely their contribution which has brought to the Faculty of Medicine the enviable reputation which it has justifiably earned.

During this stage of declining enrolments the University is not adding to its establishment; and new faces appear less frequently. Occasionally we have to part with those whom we would wish to keep. In 1951-52, the University suffered grievous losses when Dr. Ralph Rutherford, Professor of Geology, Mr. J. W. E. Markle, Alumni Secretary, and Dr. Walter H. Scott, Honorary Clinical Professor of Medicine were taken from us by death.

Before next Convocation three stalwarts in the Faculty of Arts and Science will have retired from office after periods of more than 30 years of service. These include Dean John Macdonald, Professor of Philosophy; Professor Morden Long, Department of History; and Dr. Francis Owen, Department of Modern Languages.

Dr. Macdonald and Professor Long will continue as special lecturers for one further year; while Dr. Owen leaves for Europe to pursue and complete for publication his study of early Germanic history.

Under the policy of using to the utmost, in public service, the facilities available at the University; more people are attending more functions in the buildings on the Campus. This necessarily places additional burdens on the maintenance staff. I wish to record our appreciation of the fine contribution being made in this regard by Mr. McLean and his staff.

Within the limits of its capacity, the University is endeavouring to extend its services to people throughout the Province. Although attendance at the Calgary branch did not meet our expectation in 1951-52, the expansion of the courses offered there has, we believe, stimulated interest among the people of Calgary in the educational opportunities which the University provides. Dr. Doucette and his colleagues are to be congratulated on the foundation which is being laid; and we look forward to increased registrations in 1952-53.

Evening classes, organized by the Extension Department, have been well supported in both Calgary and Edmonton. The interest shown in these classes has encouraged the University to proceed with plans for evening classes for credit toward degrees. Announcement of classes to be offered in the evening, beginning next September, will be made within the next few days. It is hoped that among those young people who, in the last several years, have left high school for employment, some will seize this opportunity to renew their formal education. The University is looking to employers and to labour organizations for support in this undertaking.

The Extension Department has continued to expand its program of short courses to meet needs as they become apparent; and increasing use is being made of the facilities at Banff. Work has already begun on the new administration building at the Banff School of Fine Arts. Among the interesting new ventures at Banff was the six weeks course in Business Administration for young business executives. The 1952 course was an outstanding success, and it is hoped that we may be in a position to offer it annually.

One very pleasing feature of the past year has been increasing evidence of the desire on the part of private citizens to support the work and objects of the University in this Province. The University is a monument to an unquenchable faith that education adds to the dignity of man and is effective in raising the level of human welfare. As may also be said of other educational institutions, there is no discernible limit to the useful services which the University can perform. Many are immediate and recognized claims on public funds; but beyond these there is much that can be accomplished through the aid and benefactions of private persons. And so, on behalf of the youth of this province who benefit, the University acknowledges its thanks to those public spirited citizens who have made possible the new facilities at Banff and the Dr. John E. MacEachern Cancer Research Laboratory; who have provided important equipment for teaching and research; who have added to the expanding list of scholarships, bursaries and prizes; and who have placed in the care of the University many rare and valuable objects which will remain with us to inspire generations of students.

I refer, in conclusion, to the encouragements derived from the continued understanding and generous support received from the Government of the Province. The Rutherford Library, in use for the first time in 1951-52, is a "joy forever". That the facilities are appreciated is best evidenced by the increased use of the library by the students. The Librarian reports the attendance in the various reading rooms is up by as much as 75% to 100%. This is most gratifying. Progress is being made on the construction of the new Engineering building, located west of the Medical Building. Provision has been made in the 1952-53 Capital estimates for expenditures on an Agriculture Building. Construction of this Building depends upon approval of plans; which approval we await, hopefully.

Presentation of Honourable John J. Bowlen

BY PRESIDENT ANDREW STEWART

Eminent Chancellor:

John James Bowlen was born at Cardigan, Prince Edward Island. This is, I believe, the only part of him that is not distinctively Western. There is no denying that his parents were Irish, but it is difficult to believe they were Tories. Prince Edward Island was too small for him; and Boston too stuffy. He came west on a visit in 1900, and returned to stay in 1902.

The story of John James Bowlen is the story of the West. He has lived in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. He has been a hired man, a tenant, and a landowner. He has cultivated brown soil, and black soil. He has pastured stock in the short grass plains, the park belt and the foothills. He has grown crops on dry land and irrigated land. He has raised horses, cattle and sheep. He has seen drought, hail, frost and blizzard, crop failure, livestock disasters, and years of bountiful production. He has bought at high prices and sold at low prices; and has demonstrated that money can be made and lost and made again, with any kind of product, on any kind of property in any part of the west.

In honouring John James Bowlen, the University does honour to all the men of large vision, great heart, and courageous optimism, who built the livestock industry in Western Canada.

Mr. Bowlen's contribution as a livestock grower has long been recognized by his fellow ranchers. He has, for more than twenty years, been a member of the Executive Board of the Western Livestock Growers' Association, and is now the Honorary President of that organization.

In 1930 his sterling qualities as a citizen won for him the support of the electors of Calgary, whom he represented in the legislature of the Province for fourteen years.

In 1947, he was appointed to the Canadian Broadcasting Commission and was the first western governor of the C.B.C. to be on the Executive. He held this post until being appointed Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Alberta in 1950.

May I say with respect that, in this high office, His Honour has given himself unsparingly to his duties, and by identifying himself with all sections of the life of the Province he has won for himself the affection of all.

Eminent Chancellor, I have the honour to present to you for the degree of Doctor of Laws HONORIS CAUSA, His Honour, the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Alberta, the Honourable John James Bowlen.

Presentation of Dr. Arthur Earl Walker

BY DEAN JOHN W. SCOTT

Eminent Chancellor:

I have the honour to present to you for the degree of Doctor of Laws, HONORIS CAUSA, Doctor Arthur Earl Walker, Professor of Neurological Surgery, Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Walker is a true Western Canadian. He was born in Winnipeg in 1907 and received his basic and professional training at the University of Alberta, obtaining his B.A. in 1926 and M.D. in 1930. Following a period of intern training in Toronto he was attracted to the United States and became interested in Neurological Surgery, joining the staff of the University of Chicago as a resident in Neurological Surgery in 1931. In 1934 he was appointed instructor in Neurological Surgery in the University of Chicago, attaining the rank of Professor in 1947. Dr. Walker was Rockefeller Fellow in Anatomy and Physiology from 1935 to 1937. During this period he was engaged in study and research at Yale University, and the Universities of Amsterdam and Brussels.

During the second World War Dr. Walker served in the Medical Corps of the United States Army.

In 1947 he was appointed to his present position as Professor of Neurological Surgery at Johns Hopkins University and Director of Neurological Surgery of Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Dr. Walker has had a distinguished career in the fields of medical education, research and practice in the surgery of the nervous system. Over the past fifteen years he has made many outstanding contributions to our knowledge of the form and function of the central nervous system in health and disease. Dr. Walker is the author of four text-books and many published papers in scientific journals. His ability in the field of Neurological Surgery has been recognized throughout the entire scientific world. He holds membership in many learned societies both in this Continent and in Europe.

Throughout a distinguished and active career Dr. Walker has always maintained an active interest in his Alma Mater. He has brought distinction to the University of Alberta as one of our most illustrious medical graduates.

It is a privilege, sir, to present him to you for the degree of Doctor of Laws HONORIS CAUSA.

Eminent Chancellor, may I present Doctor Arthur Earl Walker.

Address to the Graduating Class

May 15, 1952

BY DR. A. EARL WALKER

Eminent Chancellor, Your Honor, Mr. President, distinguished visitors, members of the graduating class:

It is pleasant to return to one's native land, to see the changes wrought by time and man (with the help of a little oil), to meet one's old friends and learn of their achievements and triumphs, to visit one's alma mater and marvel at its spectacular growth. Particularly impressive developments are the Students Union building—indeed a tribute to the students and alumni of this University—and the Rutherford Library which for sheer architectural style and beauty is not surpassed on any campus. These and many other physical achievements are a visible tribute to the wisdom of the leaders of this University community.

Especially delightful is the honor of addressing this convocation, not just for the privilege of saying a few final words to this graduating class who, in the past few days, from much more eloquent speakers than I, have heard of the wonderful opportunities which await them, of their duties and obligations to the people of this province and of their responsibilities as alumni of this University, but also because it affords me an opportunity of paying tribute to my former teachers.

In this game of life, as in any sport, perhaps one of the most important factors in a successful outcome is the preceptor. One can only achieve the highest heights by studying under the best in the field. To a great extent until this time your teachers have been a matter of chance. But luck has been with you, for you have had masters in this University. I remember, in the first year or so of my medical course, the dull monotony of memorizing the names of the 206 bones and thousands of muscles, tendons and ligaments which hold together this body of ours. And I recall how this chaotic mass of apparently irrelevant data became integrated into a dynamic, living machine as Professor Shaner explained in clear, concise terms the role of the nervous system. And, strange as it may seem, it was the Professor of Pathology, Dr. Ower, who made clinical medicine "live". I recall vividly his parting words when I told him I was going East for training.

"Walker, keep your eyes and ears open, and your mouth shut."

Excellent advice for any graduate. I wish I had followed it more often!

I would like to tell you of other equally important and stimulating professors on this campus but time does not permit. But I must pay tribute to one other teacher, who taught me and many another student of this University, none of whom even signed up for his classes but all of whom religiously attended, that in this game of life there are rules and values that transcend those written upon the statutes of law. He is the present Chancellor of this University, Dr. Fred McNally but to us of the old guard "Mr. Mac".

These and many others have been my preceptors in this game of life. Since like Ulysses "I am a part of all I have met", any honor which I may merit, is equally a tribute to one and all of these, my masters.

Every age is proud of its achievements, disposed to look with contempt upon the knowledge of its predecessors and often to regard the future as having few potentialities. Our atomic era may justifiably boast of its triumphs in all sciences. In medicine the advances in knowledge within the last score of years have been without a parallel in any age. Let me review the accomplishments of my specialty. Until 1920 this branch of surgery was concerned largely in the treatment of head injuries, tumors of the brain and spinal cord. In the last score of years the scope of the neurosurgeon's work, to say nothing of his income, has been greatly increased. When two Boston surgeons demonstrated that sciatica, centuries ago invoked by Shakespeare to cripple the senators of Athens, was due to a compression of a spinal nerve by the rupture of one of the rubbery shock absorbers between the bones of the lower back, it gave the neurosurgeon an opportunity to relieve mankind of a great suffering. The surgical procedures on vascular nerves directed to the relief of high blood pressure also fell within the domain of the neurological surgeon. With a more adequate knowledge of the mechanisms of the shaking palsies surgeons have made delicate cuts in the depths of the brain to eliminate the involuntary movements and yet preserve the failing strength. Perhaps even more startling have been the advances in the surgical treatment of epilepsy—stimulated by Dr. Penfield of McGill University. With the aid of electronic amplifiers, the electrical alterations associated with normal and pathological functioning may be traced upon paper, and the waves studied. Further developments have made it possible to record the cerebral activity directly from the surface of the brain so that the precise localization of epileptic areas may be determined. By this means we have gained an insight into the human mind and at the same time been able to relieve the epileptic of his attacks. Strange as it may seem, the neurosurgeon may remove the diseased half of the brain of a patient who has been paralysed and epileptic since birth, and leave him improved mentally, stronger physically and free of his epilepsy!

When the neuro-anatomist told us of the location of the pain tracts in the nervous system, neurosurgeons had the courage to sever them, even though they lay adjacent to vital centers, for the relief of severe pain. To relieve mental disorders in spite of the denunciations of horrified sentimentalists, the brain surgeon plunged his knife into the head "to pluck from the brain a hidden sorrow". Based largely on the premise that the powerful drive of the modern 8 cylinder mind is too strong for the "horse and buggy" brain, we sever some of the energizing fibers from the front part of the head. Like Procrustes of old, we hew the mental drive to make it fit the intellectual bed. If we do not cut enough, the maladjustment persists, if we cut too much our patients assume the vegetating philosophy of the Lotus Eaters. But the happy medium may bring the boasting Caesars or weeping Cleopatras to their right senses. If you realize that half of the patients in all hospitals of the United States of America are there for mental disorders, you may appreciate the significance of a therapeutic technique, which, when more conservative measures

have failed, may be followed by improvement or cure in 60% of cases. And for the chronically debilitated sufferer,—“tired of living but scared of dying”—the neurosurgeon found in this same procedure a living euthanasia.

Thus neurological surgery has come of age. But not entirely by its own efforts. The advances of general surgery in blood replacement and blood substitutes, the development of anesthesia, and the medical discoveries of chemo-therapeutic and antibiotic agents—the modern wonder drugs—have all been major factors in the technical maturation of the specialty.

These developments in brain surgery are just an example of the achievements of this age. In any other field, equally great and perhaps even more startling advances might be cited. And like brain surgery, which was conceived in England, spent its infancy in Europe, but passed a stirring adolescence and came of age in America, practically all of these other fields have matured on this continent.

It is no wonder, then, that to the United States of America and to Canada are flocking the leaders of government, industry and science of all the free countries of the world. They do not want our money, although many, as a gesture of good will, would accept it; they do not seek to adopt our form of government, our social institutions nor our religions. Rather they wish to examine our way of life—you might say our technological civilization—and to adapt those aspects of it which seem appropriate to the solution of their own social and industrial problems. And we should not be disturbed that all of our culture does not find favor in their eyes for the nature and tempo of our present economic and political system—our democracy of today—might be poorly suited to the conditions of their native land. Through a sympathetic understanding of their peculiar problems, we may be able to inspire these visitors to a solution of their problems without the loss of their freedom or independence. And let us not forget that their problems of today in this shrinking world are likely to be our headaches of tomorrow! So, as these people from all continents look upon us, hoping to be received as friends and equals, we cannot ignore their anxious pleas, for sometime in the near future the success or failure of a peaceful and free civilization will depend upon how well we are selling ourselves to them now.

Graduation implies the achievement of one in a series of steps or grades. For the majority of this class it means the completion of the tooling-up period, and the commencement of their life's work. Each year at this time throughout the country thousands of young people leave the doors of the University. Not always have they been met with a welcoming hand, but this class is particularly fortunate; it is going into a world that has learnt to appreciate the value of a university graduate. Not many years ago graduating seniors entered a sullen, cold world and were glad to find solace in a \$20.00 a week job, having no more glamorous title than “office boy”. But a great war and the threat of another have forced upon big and little business the recognition of their need for the commodity that the university begets. So for the past few months, representatives of business, industry and government have been invading the university halls to sign up every promising senior. In a technological age this premium on an academic degree may seem astonishing. During

the past decade we have developed machines which are capable of carrying out the most complicated and complex calculations required by a mechanistic world, compilations which the most talented mind could not hope to complete in years. Not only have we attempted to reproduce the calculations of the mathematician by mechanical means, but it has been claimed that biological phenomena may be defined in physical terms.

In a world so technologically equipped, what can you, as university graduates, contribute? Surely not the data which you have so arduously crammed into your heads for reproduction at examination time, and probably forgotten by now, nor the various techniques which you have acquired in the laboratories of the University. That which places the seal of the University upon you and which makes you so valuable to the community might be said to be a byproduct of your education. It is something which you acquired subconsciously and hence something of which you were, and perhaps still are, unaware. It is a way of thinking. Throughout your years at the University you have gradually adopted an approach to problems and a manner of attack of these problems which will enable you to meet the needs of the community in a rational and intelligent manner. It does not matter that your courses have been in the field of the physical or biological sciences, or the humanities. This way of thinking is common to a university community.

One of the most interesting committees on which I have the privilege of serving has to do with mental health. Around a table gather men representing many fields of human knowledge, psychiatry, sociology, neurophysiology, social psychology, internal medicine, surgery and social anthropology. These people of diverse disciplines discuss projects in the general field of mental health on such abstruse subjects as the tolerance for stress in aged and new-born sheep and goats. But in spite of their entirely dissimilar backgrounds, the thinking of this entire group is surprisingly uniform. Their disciplines have given them a way of approaching the problem, be it from the sociological, anthropological, physiological or medical aspect, which leads to the formulation of a similar dynamic concept. It is this way of thinking that I hope you have acquired at the University, for it will serve you throughout life.

Moreover, thinking is a commodity of which we are a bit short at the present time. We have mastered the details of technology to the superlative degree, but we have not developed our intellectual facilities to a mature mind. In the individual, this immaturity is manifested by the pervading spirit of restlessness and anxiety, which we try to disguise by sensational pleasures, emotional, neurotic behavior, or alcoholic phantasies. In the nation, it is obvious in the policy of expediency with neglect of moral and spiritual issues. Thus our civilization has become a series of contradictions—for each advance, a problem.

Almost 100 years ago we emancipated the slaves, but the racial question, at least across the border, is still one of our most pressing problems. By advances in preventive medicine, we have lengthened the life span from the 50 years expectancy in 1900 to approximately 70 years, but we have mandatory retirement at a chronological age of 60 or 65 without consideration of the functional state of the

individual's mind. Thus we often deprive ourselves of 10 years of accumulated wisdom, acquired slowly and painfully, for although youth may be brilliant, the experience of age is necessary for wisdom. Surely we can find some way to use this stored wealth without handicapping the advancement of young people. We have cured the epileptic by development of effective anticonvulsive medication, but we have passed such stringent labor laws that no employer can afford to take a chance on hiring a person who has had a fit. With antibiotics and other miracle drugs we have saved from death the paralysed and crippled but have failed to provide a rehabilitation program which would give them a chance to take their place in society. In the United States of America we have put in every house a television set, here in every field an oil well, but our television programs, replete with sporting events, whodunit mysteries, slapstick comedy and supermen, bore even our children, and your oil wells, I fear, are serving largely to grease our military instruments of destruction. Even the forerunner of the age of speed—the automobile—is now impeding its own progress on traffic clogged roads and at the same time killing us off faster than any modern war. We are indeed an incongruous generation!

And so as you leave the shelter of these halls of learning we welcome you to this technologically precocious but spiritually immature world. We hope as you use the talents you have acquired here in your everyday occupations and in the solution of our more general problems that you will enjoy happiness, prosperity and a full life.

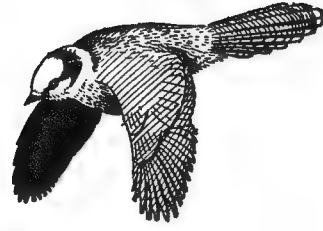
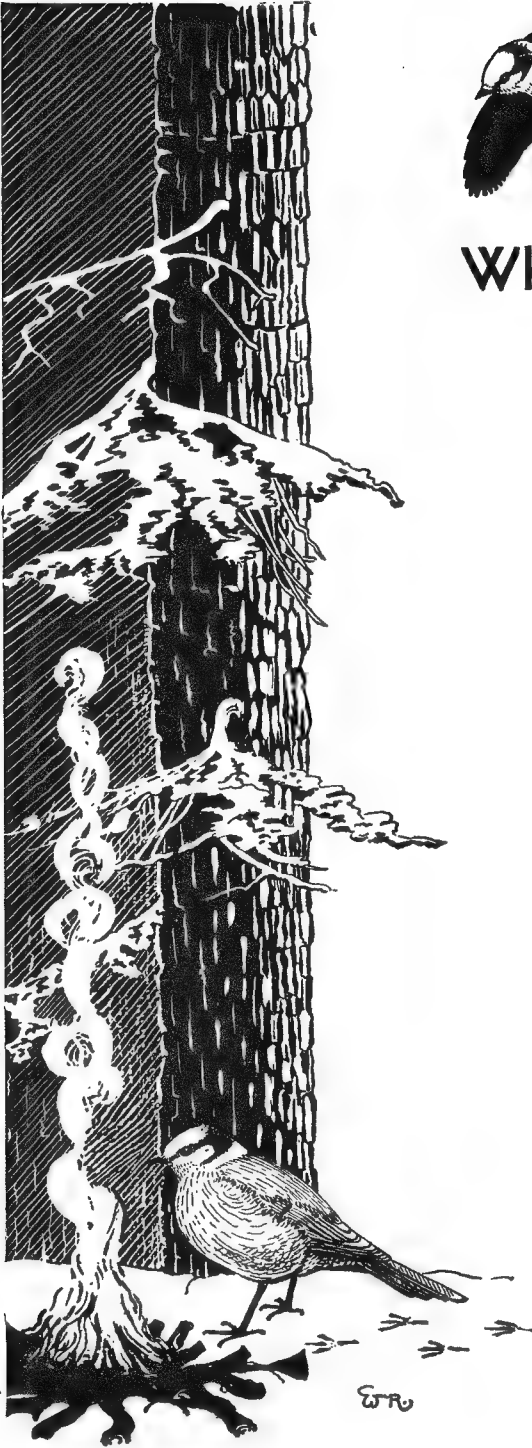


APOSTROPHE

Fair Thermogena, what a verb thou art!
Quite transitive what time thou wouldst impart
The ineluctable in hats, and dress
With Cretan waist, and equine hindmost tress;
Intransitive whene'er thy mode of being
Predicates disruption in the syntax
Of my verbal quest for clearly seeing
Why enamelled toenails, vermeil slacks.

Bright image of the unbelievable;
Discrete occurrence in subjunctive mood:
Contingent, bewildering, desirable;
Active or passive, by intuition wooed,
Weaving illusions from enduring stuff
Beyond the cyclic scheme of Physics tough:
Thyself beyond the rules of conjugation,
Wilt rule a blessed conjugate relation.

— J. McL. Nicoll.



Whiskeyjack . .

"Charlie"
Friend of the University

Whether or not it was his desire to be known universally as Charlie, Mr. C. S. Hosford is so known, and has been, to generation after generation of students and instructors in this University. Like those locusts which spend a day in the sun after seventeen years underground, Charlie has this year emerged from his long subterranean existence into the sort of Bookstore he should have had, for he deserved it, many year ago. It is a tribute to his quality that his life underground has never turned him sour. Where Charlie is, there is sunniness and humor, patient and kind good will.

It would not be difficult to prove that Charlie has been in many ways far more important to this University than any Professor, Dean, or President. Important, that is, in the fundamental purposes for which the University exists: the educating and civilizing of students. The ordinary instructor in 1951-52, for example, dealt with from one hundred to two hundred students; Charlie dealt with four thousand—and one must be very sure of his gifts in the classroom to

believe that in sixty hours he has done more for an individual student than Charlie has done in as many minutes.

Charlie has always been interested in this University and devoted to it. He has kept, for example, every issue of *The Gateway* ever printed, every issue of *The Trail* and *The New Trail*. The Alumni office itself cannot claim as much. He was one of the first official "Friends of the University." And for thirty-two years he and Art, who remains with us in the Post Office, have given an annual prize in English 53.

It will be in order to say a word about this prize. There was once another Hosford—Samuel Richard. He was an Honors student in English, and the course from which he derived most and which he most appreciated was English 53 (Shakespeare) taught by Dr. E. K. Broadus. Later, he became an Instructor in English in this University. He gave his life to the cause of freedom in the First World War. In his memory Charlie and Art have maintained the Samuel Richard Memorial Prize since 1920.

In the West we are still too neglectful of our own history. It may supply a little urge in the right direction to list here the names of the recipients of the Samuel Richard Hosford Memorial Prize:

- 1920 Stuart Perry Hamilton
- 1921 Margaret Harman Villy
- 1922 John Thomas Jones
- 1923 Barbara Lloyd Villy
- 1924 Sada Florence Kiteley
- 1925 Elsie Catherine Barclay
- 1926 Horatio Henry Lovat Dickson
- 1927 Dorothy Hamilton
- 1928 Laura Evelyn Ford
- 1929 Hugh Whitney Morrison
- 1930 Arthur Joseph Howson Powell
- 1931 Mrs. Emma Read Newton
- 1932 Priscilla Hammond
- 1933 Lillian Leversedge
- 1934 Stuart Joseph Shaw
- 1935 David Appelt
- 1936 Flora MacLennan Macleod
- 1937 Aylmer Arthur Ryan
- 1938 Kathleen Mary Shelton
- 1939 Edith Alice Fleming
- 1940 Corwin Delamater Pine
- 1941 Christine van der Mark
- 1942 Charles Scott Henry Campbell
- 1943 Margaret Nancy Davis
- 1944 Edith Nancy Thompson
- 1945 Irene Julia McBride

1946 Mary Katherine Robertson
 1947 James Reive Lindsay Linn
 1948 Eunice Helen Ralton Robertson
 1949 Jack Shaw Roebuck
 1950 Dorothy Isabel Loggie
 1951 Allan Thomas John Cairns
 1952 Carl Rupert Desmond Hare

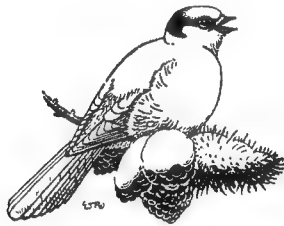
Most, if not all but one, of these students have gone on, or will go on, to further distinction. The one, Priscilla Hammond, died in youth and promise. In her name another English prize has been maintained for nearly twenty years. Another member of the group, Lovat Dickson, has recently established still another English prize in memory of E. K. Broadus.

No person who has read this list will fail to recognize at least a few names or to perceive what a distinguished group it is. Not a few of these recipients have said years afterwards that the most encouraging, the most important, thrilling, or inspiring distinction they ever received was the prize established by Charlie and Art in memory of their brother. They have been touched with pity for that promising young scholar who had "born him wel, as of so litel space" long ago; and they have felt it a genuine honor to earn distinction in the eyes of Charlie, their friend, and the friend of the University.

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N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscriptions.—Ed.

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For information re Alumni Association dues see page 60

Cattle

By MERRON CHORNY

The woman shuffled hesitantly down the long aisle, wandering uncertainly from counter to counter. Her plain, dark, close-fitting jacket and skirt stood out oddly against the shining counters piled high with colorful, eye-catching, fashionable goods. Peering from under her black-and-red kerchief, she stole uncertain glances about her, twisting her head nervously from side to side. She would edge over to a table, survey it furtively, then hurry off to the other side of the aisle. There she would stand in apparent bewilderment, a finger on her lips, her dark, frightened eyes darting quick glances, while she rolled a twisted handkerchief in her wet palm. Men and women with dull, expressionless faces passed her occasionally, staring at the old-fashioned, broad-belted jacket, glancing at the fringed kerchief knotted under her chin, gaping at the broad, low, laced, black shoes and at the vivid orange stockings. The woman stood beside a pillar, shifting her weight awkwardly from foot to foot. Clutching the rolled-up handkerchief in her trembling hand, she mopped the beads of perspiration which shone on her brow.

Suddenly, she noticed a tall, well-dressed man at the counter beside her. She stood motionless for a moment, her breast rising and falling in regular, heavy movements. Then taking a sharp breath, she turned and faced the man. She swallowed chokingly, and blurted out, "Please, where shirts?—Man shirts!"

The well-dressed man turned. "Shirts, Madam? On the next aisle. Far end of the store."

The woman stared at him blankly.

He stepped forward to a point from which he had a better view of the store, then beckoned to her. "There!" He pointed down the length of the store. "Shirts there!"

"Thank you!" The woman smiled wanly, and plodded down the aisle, picking her way among the hurrying people.

She halted, perplexed, before a counter covered with an array of men's shirts. Behind the counter, a tall, lithe, blond girl stood alluringly, filing her fingernails. She would scrape daintily for a few moments, then after a careful scrutiny of the nail, she would blow on it lightly, and recommence her painstaking operation. The woman stared silently at her, and gazed in fascination at the carefully-combed soft hair, and at the clinging, pale blue dress.

At length she ventured forward and began looking at the varied shirts.

"May I help you?" The voice was cold and impersonal.

"I buy shirt, please." The woman's browned, calloused hands tried to speak as they hovered expressively above the counter.

We take pleasure in introducing to our readers a newcomer to the ranks of contributors to **The New Trail**. Merron Chorny, M.Ed. '49, calls Grimshaw his home. He is the principal of the village school there. Of Ukrainian descent, Merron has an intimate understanding of his people about whom he writes with penetrating insight and clarity.

"What kind of a shirt would you like?"

"Nice! Nice shirt!" The woman smiled eagerly.

"What size?"

The woman's face bespoke perplexity. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled in embarrassment. "I not know sure." Then after a little thought she added, "Fifteen, please! Fifteen!" Her hands were still aiding her in her speech.

"Fifteen?"

"Yes. Good, I think! Nice shirt!"

The girl turned away. A look of superiority masked her face. She fumbled behind the shelves for a moment, the rose and placed a crisp, white, cellophane-packaged shirt before the woman, who inspected it closely, feeling the texture of the material through the wrapper, carefully scrutinizing the seams and buttons. She looked up, moistened her lips, then asked, "How much cost?"

"Eight dollars." The girl gazed impassively.

"Eight!" The woman shook her head. "Too much! Too much!"

"This is a lovely shirt!"

"Yes." The word drawled out uncertainly. "You got shirt not so much money?" She was fingering her handkerchief nervously.

The girl said nothing. She slipped the shirt off the counter, and strode along the length of shelves, where she replaced it. After quickly picking through a large pile, she drew out another shirt which she placed before the woman. The shirt was unwrapped.

The woman appraised the shirt, all the while rubbing her lower lip with her hand. She took the material in her gnarled fingers on which years of toil had left dirt-stained creases, and rubbed the material vigorously. The girl glared disapprovingly. She waited through what seemed an interminable silence while the woman deliberated.

Finally the woman looked up. "Not good make." She raised the collar and pointed to the loose, uneven stitches. "You got more? Same please?" She smiled apologetically. The girl whisked the shirt off the counter and stamped back along the row of shelves. She returned with another shirt of the same kind, and dropped it before the woman, who again examined it minutely. When she looked up, satisfaction appeared to be written on her face.

"Good! How much?"

"Six dollars and fifty cents."

"Six dollars-and-fifty cents?" the woman repeated hesitantly. The hard consonants grated on the girl's ears. "Six dollars and—" the woman began to say to herself. Then her face fell. Again she shook her head. "Too much money! Too much! You got shirt not so much money, please?"

The girl snatched the shirt up and threw it back on its pile. Very slowly and deliberately she picked a shirt out of an untidy heap, and strutted back with it to the woman. "Four dollars!" she snapped. She tossed it down and stood languidly resting her hands on her hips, gazing far away. The woman looked, turned, inspected and admired.

"Please!"

The woman took an uncertain step along the counter.

"Please!"

The girl turned in apparent annoyance. "Yes?"

"Please, I take shirt."

The girl snatched for the paper, ripped it off violently and hurriedly began to wrap the shirt.

The woman looked confusedly. "You Wrap nice, please?" she begged.

"We don't wrap gift parcels here!" The paper crackled crisply in resistance, then under the compulsion of the angry hands of the girl, it became a loose, gaping wrapper.

"Four dollars please!" She held on to the end of the parcel.

The woman reached deep into her jacket pocket and withdraw a knotted handkerchief. Turning partially away, she fumbled with the knot, untied the handkerchief, and carefully unfolded it. Withdrawing a lone ten-dollar bill from among some coins, she handed it to the girl. The cash register rang its cold unemotional "Dong".

"Four." The girl pushed the slip of paper to the woman. "—Five, and five is ten!"

The woman folded the money and began wrapping it in the handkerchief. Her arthritic fingers groped clumsily, trying to tie the knot. A handkerchief end slipped, and a coin dropped to the floor. The old woman bent painfully, searched at the edge of the counter till she could grasp the coin, then slowly straightened up and deposited it upon the folded bills. It was a penny.

Finally the woman bundled up the money, and thrust the handkerchief carefully into the depths of her pocket. She smiled wearily. "T'ank you!" After pushing the stray locks of greying hair beneath her kerchief, she placed the bundle firmly beneath her arm, and trudged away, still casting nervous glances from side to side, her finger placed quizzically on her lips.

The salesgirl turned to her partner: "Those damn Bohunks! Imagine! Tying up her money in a rag! Cattle is all they are and all they ever will be. They ain't even got the brains to speak proper!" She picked up the file and diligently began scraping at her finger-nails.

* * *

As the old woman rounded a corner, she suddenly stopped and called out in her native tongue, "Mrs. Stashko! Yak sya mayeteh (How do you do)! Wherever have you appeared from? Why it's been ten years since I've seen you!"

"Dobre dyakoyoo, doozhe dobre (Well, thank you, very well), Mrs. Bilak! Ten years it has been! All of that since we left the old homestead."

"And how is your family? Walter must be a fine young man now!"

"He is! He is!" She smiled proudly. "He's graduating today as a doctor from the University. —I bought a little gift for him." She indicated the parcel. Suddenly she noticed the clock at the end of the building.

"Oh, I must be off, or I'll be late for the ceremony. Please excuse me. Goodbye!"

She hurried off down the long aisle, glancing pensively from side to side.

Trail Blazers



Chet Lambertson

The oil boom has brought many conspicuous "firsts" to Alberta—and now it has inspired Canada's first home-grown musical comedy, "Bonanza", with music and lyrics by Chet Lambertson and book by James Richardson. Indeed there seems to be some question as to whether "Bonanza" or Vancouver's "Timber" was actually first in the field—both by coincidence having opened on the same night June 26th—but in view of the four hour time difference Bonanza can safely claim the honor. Halifax, where the production took place, regards the highly successful musical as its own, and rightly so—but since Mr. Lambertson and Mr. Richardson are both Albertans and their play tells the story of the effect of the oil boom on a rural Alberta family, we can readily be forgiven for taking our share of the glory.

Dr. Chet Lambertson will be remembered by many alumni as the writer of the University song. He also led a very popular dance band during his University

career. He knows Edmonton and rural Alberta well, having taught school in the city and in various country points. He received his M.A. degree in English in 1940 with a thesis on music in Shakespeare's plays.

Mr. Lambertson taught for a short time in Edmonton and then went to Toronto in 1941 to begin work on his Ph.D. He later joined the staff of King's College, Dalhousie University, Halifax, where he has remained except for some time spent at Harvard to complete the requirements for his Ph.D. degree.

About the birth of his new venture, Chet writes that the idea was born after he had talked to various New York publishers who recommended that he try the musical comedy field. About the same time he received a note from James Richardson of Vancouver to whom he suggested that they collaborate on a musical. After discussing and discarding stories centering around Flin Flon and Yellowknife, they decided to base their story on the oil boom in Alberta. "After about a year" (writes Mr. Lambertson) "and an average of three letters by each of us every week, we had the musical finished. I wrote 17 songs with lyrics to match and four ballet sequences; Jim's share of the work was in writing the book—a story of the rags-to-riches variety in which a poor family made rich by the discovery of oil on their property have their lives changed by the money and by the city vultures who try to get their money away from them."

The next hurdle was to find a backer. Finally after a number of auditions, an independent radio station, CJCH in Halifax, put up the necessary capital to cover the costs of starting production. Lucio Agostini, well-known Toronto musician, arranged the score and was so charmed by the music that he went down to Halifax to conduct for all performances. Len Chapple of the C.B.C. was director. The lead was played by the popular Canadian singer, Audrey Farnell. About 90 people took part in the show—11 principals, a 20-piece orchestra, 24 in the chorus and a ballet group of 14. The show ran for four nights and a matinee with standing room only for most performances.

"The New Trail" was fortunate in having a friend among the "first nighters" who writes that the show was "excellent". The Halifax Mail-Star gave it an enthusiastic notice. "The first requirement of a musical comedy is bright, brisk melodies which the audience can take away with them. "Bonanza" has just such music, indeed it has all the qualities of a first rate musical show. Here is history being made right before our eyes, Canada's own music for Canadians and yet with a universal appeal which should make it a hit on Broadway or London's West End."

So here is an Alberta musical comedy written by Albertans about Alberta. When shall we be able to see and hear it? As plans now stand "Bonanza" will be produced as one of the C.B.C. Wednesday nights next fall, with arrangements by Lucio Agostini. "Bonanza" music has been published by Broadcast Music Inc., in a folio and should be available at local music stores. Recordings too will follow. But as to the full production, we can only hope—or rather make up our minds to see to it—that someone in Alberta will have the good sense to follow the example of Halifax's CJCH and produce "Bonanza" for us here.



H. P. Brown

A man of many "firsts", Mr. H. P. Brown, supervisor for the division of visual instruction in the University's department of extension, has retired from active duty after 35 years of service.

Born in Guildford, Surrey, Mr. Brown came to Canada in 1908 and joined the University in 1917. From an unpretentious beginning, Mr. Brown saw the division grow from a staff of one to 14, capable of servicing the province with 25,000 films annually.

Endowed with a gift for organizing, Mr. Brown opened the University's first photographic department which is still engaged in making classroom slides. The radio station, CKUA, received its early impetus from Mr. Brown who was its first program director and chief announcer. A credit to his extra-curricular activities, the first community league in Edmonton was instituted by him in 1917.

We are grateful indeed to Mr. Brown for the story on audio-visual education in the West now appearing in *The New Trail*. The first installment "Magic Lanterns and Slides" was featured in the spring issue. The third dealing with developments in visual education during and since World War II will appear in the fall.

The Coming of Sound

By H. P. BROWN

It seems difficult to believe that in 1937, just fifteen years ago, only two schools in Alberta owned sound projectors and that at the start of the War in 1939 there were not more than twenty in all fields. Now, in 1952, there are over eight hundred 16mm sound film projectors in Alberta, four hundred of which are in schools.

Although sound entered the theatre in 1926, no projector was available for school and community use for several years, and it was not until 1933 that the first somewhat crude attachment for a 16mm silent projector became available and was purchased for extension work in Alberta. This consisted of a gramophone record "synchronized" with a silent film which ran for three or four minutes. I prefer not to mention some of the experiences we had with this outfit, and fortunately for us, (and the long suffering public), it was not long before a sound-on-film projector appeared. Some of the experiences of this period are worth recalling. The first 16mm sound films were reprints of theatrical films and in one called MADCAP MADGE a teen-ager is given a small car for her birthday and proceeds to "burn up" the country roads near her home. The climax shows her coming at great speed towards the audience which often reacted in peculiar ways. Mr. J. W. McAllister, Edmonton high school teacher, was then on our staff and was showing MADCAP MADGE to a children's audience at a school on an Indian Reserve. As the car came nearer and nearer the children opened their mouths wider and wider and leaned back farther and farther until the planks on which they were seated and the blocks of firewood on which they were supported could stand the strain no longer. By the time the children had picked themselves up off the floor the film was over and they were greatly relieved to know that their sudden collapse had saved them from destruction. On another trip to a country school-house, Mr. McAllister was assisted in setting up his equipment by an older boy, one of whom was generally on hand to help "put on the show". This was a one-room school heated by a large "station agent" stove and with the arrival of a sizeable audience the room became very hot and stuffy. It was seldom, on these occasions, that any windows could be found to open and the program always included a cartoon or two to keep the audience from going to sleep. After starting the first film, Mr. McAllister himself dozed off for a moment or two and when he "came to" he found to his dismay that the take-up reel was not working and his film was winding out to regions unknown. Anyone who has had this experience will tell you that the sinking feeling which accompanies the discovery is worse than almost anything else that can happen to a show. If there is no take-up reel in the outfit and one tries to use a clothes basket or other container, one soon finds that a small reel of film can fill a whole room very quickly without a similar empty reel to take it up on. A take-up reel may be improvised from two pieces of cardboard and a cotton bobbin but on this occasion there was another means provided. Glancing down, Mr. McAllister discovered that his erstwhile assistant had gone to sleep at the foot of the table and that the film was winding itself around and about him

until only the top of his head was showing. The rewinding process must have been difficult for all concerned.

Many showing of films were given in rural schools and halls and the extent to which members of the staff were required to take country trips became somewhat embarrassing. It was decided to put two operators or field men on the road, one of which covered a church circuit and the other the high schools as mentioned in Part 1 of this story. These were the forerunners of the rural circuits taken over by the National Film Board a few years later, and in this as in many other matters the University of Alberta can be said to have led the way. Occasionally, the representative of the Department of Extension arrived at a point to find no hall in which to show his films and this happened to Dr. (then Mr.) E. A. Corbett. The one hall in the village had recently burned down but he was advised by mail to "come on anyway" and a hall would be provided. On his arrival Dr. Corbett could see no sign of a hall or any place suitable for the showing of films to even a small audience. As the time for the meeting drew near he became more and more concerned until he observed a small dust storm approaching from the west on the road leading into town. This proved to be a large granary, pulled by several teams of horses, which came to a stop in front of the small hotel. An extension power line was run from the hotel and the usual seating arrangements of planks-on-firewood set in place and the show went on as scheduled.

Although the Department of Extension had engaged in the work of visual instruction with moving picture films from 1917, the schools and communities of Alberta were slow in discarding the lantern slide for the film, and there were many reasons for this. The continued heavy demand for slides was, in fact, rather surprising, and all through the thirties the annual circulation of slides was over 2,000 sets and branch slide depots were opened in Calgary and Lethbridge. One reason for the popularity of the lantern slide was undoubtedly a certain prejudice against the Hollywood film especially in "New Canadian" districts. Many religious denominations advised their people against attending "picture shows", and it is of note in passing that some religious groups still discourage their members from attending theatres though their own church institutions are often equipped with a projector for showing biblical and educational films. One teacher wrote to the Department (in 1935): "Two aims are kept in mind: first, to arouse a consciousness in the grown-ups of the beauty and greatness of Canada, and secondly, to supplement the text-book in the classroom." Some remarkable results were achieved in these "magic lantern shows", and this teacher reports attendances of 95 to 99 per cent of the adults of the district during extremely cold weather. Our experience of Alberta rural audiences has always been, that on nights when the lecturer or operator had considerable difficulty in getting through to the school or hall, the neighbourhood would be there in force.

On one occasion when I was accompanied by two of my sons during a period of heavy snow, our car became lodged in a snowdrift within a mile of the hall. After trying to proceed for an hour or more we were glad to hear a truck approaching, which on arrival was found to be a relief expedition from the hall. With this help we arrived at the hall around 10 p.m. and proceeded to put on the show.

I would like to put in a good word at this point for the average extension worker. He is the personification of the maxim, "the show must go on". In fair weather and more often foul he makes every attempt to reach his destination in order that the audience may not be disappointed. The same loyalty to the audience usually impels the office staff, and when one realizes the tremendous amount of detail involved in shipping and checking in several thousand reels of film a year with a great deal of other material, projectors, etc., it is surprising that so few mistakes are made. The people of Alberta (and the Northwest Territories) have every reason to appreciate their University and its Department of Extension which through films and slides, library books and debating material and plays has contributed to brighten the rural life of the Province from pioneer days to the present.

The division of visual instruction has always been in a state of transition though the field is perhaps more stable today than in the earlier phases of its work. Film-strips succeeded lantern slides, but it was in motion pictures that the greatest changes came. In 1917 it was the "Safety Standard" 28mm film. Up to this time it had been the 35mm theatre size film, expensive to buy and dangerous to use. From 1930 on we gradually converted to 16mm, the new standard for educational work, disposing of most of our 28mm collection to owners of the projectors which would soon become obsolete. The late William Aberhart was one of those who purchased many of the older films in order that his school could carry on. The first 16mm films were like their predecessors, all of silent type, and it was not until 1934 that we had a film with a sound track. Thus we were faced with two change-overs within five years and the necessity of continuing to build up our collection of silent films while starting an entirely new library of sound films. By 1936 we had 154 silent films (mostly for schools), 40 Canadian government silent films and 62 sound films, a total of 256 reels compared with 3,500 reels in our present library. In 1935 we organized the first rural school circuit of ten schools and within four years this was increased to 15 circuits all using 16mm silent projectors, battery operated, passed from school to school. By 1937 over one hundred rural schools were using films in regular instruction and many others in the towns and cities. Films were also coming into use in many phases of adult education, and in 1936 the Edmonton branch of the National Film Society was formed "to encourage and promote the study of the motion picture as an educational and cultural factor".

With the coming of the sound film a great deal of missionary work was carried out by members of the staff involving trips of a week or more to cover a number of points, and all kinds and conditions of transportation were sometimes necessitated. One trip in the Peace River Country during the spring break-up had to be largely covered in a "jumper", a small box sleigh drawn by one horse. On a visit to the "Coal Branch" of the C.N.R. west of Edmonton, I went in by train to Luscar, back the next day to Cadomin on a coal train, on to the junction by regular passenger train and arrived at Mountain Park, 7,000 feet above sea level with a film showing scheduled for that evening. I had developed a sore throat and the high altitude was having its effect, so before filling my evening engagement I visited the company doctor at his residence adjoining the four-bed hospital. He advised me to return after my meeting, which I did, and was put to bed in

the hospital. The next morning I went on to Coal Valley where there was no hotel and the hospital was the guest house, so again I spent the night in the hospital. My next point was but two miles away and this was covered by switch engine with my projector cases and films on top of the coal in the bunker. I "came out" on Sunday on a track speeder, and this time was able to utilize my projector to sit on, not quite comparable with a chair in a parlor car. The Coal Branch is in the foothills of the Rockies and consists of a number of small mining towns which in those days had no road into or connecting them, and all "commuting" was by the railway which was their main street. The days have passed when one stepped off the train with the projector in one hand and a box of films in the other to be greeted by a welcoming delegation of children with the cry, "Here comes the picture man!" Then there was a personal touch which we seem to have lost today. Now films are sent out en masse, so many reels in so many parcels a day, to schools and communities owning their own projectors. Even the National Film Board, whose field representative was a welcome guest in many communities during the war, has relegated this often colorful individual into the background where he supervises the shipping of a rural circuit program to the various points in his area which have acquired projectors.

In closing this part of my narration, I should not omit mention of an "audio" aid which we acquired in 1927 to supplement the visual services we were then providing. This was the University of Alberta Radio Station CKUA. No space could be found for the radio studio anywhere else on the campus so we had to provide it on our already crowded visual instruction floor. Thus we lost our screening room which was divided into a control room and speech studio, and by moving the partitions and desks around in the main office we created a space of 15 feet by 30 feet for a main studio. We had very little money but lots of enthusiasm, and the original transmitter with its farm windmill towers and small station building was constructed for around \$5,000. At the studio end, amplifiers, microphones, gramophone turntables and accessories came to approximately \$1,200. The studios and control room were draped with burlap, and simple furnishings and a second-hand grand piano made another \$1,500, bringing the total cost of the station, controls and studios to approximately \$7,500. When the C.B.C. was formed and its engineers made an inspection of radio stations across Canada, on entering our CKUA studio with its burlap drapes, etc., the chief engineer exclaimed, "I have only seen one studio like this before, and that is in the Montreal brewery!"

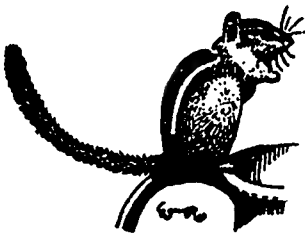
In a recent report of CKUA's history appears this paragraph: "The group responsible for the early efforts of CKUA had unbounded enthusiasm for the job. This is evident from the variety and difficulty of the programs put on. They shared the conviction that radio had an important role to play in adult education, and they had the enthusiastic co-operation of many people not connected with the University."

When it is realized that most of the people who were responsible for the building and early programs of CKUA were already busy people engaged in University extension or teaching work, the term "vision" will be readily appreciated.

There was only one full-time member of the radio staff, Miss Sheila Marryat, who as "radio secretary" was program director, dramatist, lecturer, script writer, hostess, and many other things; while I added to my many duties in the visual instruction field as chief announcer and studio director, sound effects man, etc. Edward Jordan, my workroom boy, took on the spare-time job as control operator, became interested in radio, enrolled as a student in electrical engineering, and went on to take his master's and doctor's degrees in radio. Dr. Jordan went on to a brilliant career and in 1950 was chosen by the U.S. Government to go to Europe to discuss electronic research with various countries. He was official U.S. delegate at general assemblies of the International Scientific Radio Union. Dr. Jordan is now supervisor of the Radio Direction Finding Research Program at the University of Illinois. Sheila Marryat went to the C.B.C. and later retired to Vancouver.

Some of the accomplishments of this University radio station constructed "on a shoe-string" by people with vision are worth recording here. They had their own broadcasting orchestra of twenty pieces, their own radio players, a wealth of lecture talent, one of the finest pipe organs in the country (in Convocation Hall) and the co-operation of student groups in debating, opera, mixed chorus, and sports. University courses including languages were broadcast, and the first organized broadcast to the schools of a Canadian province came from CKUA in 1929. Among other "firsts" was a provincial network of stations still known as the Foothills network, the first inter-provincial hook-up (Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba) over the government owned telephone lines of the three prairie provinces to ten stations broadcasting inter-varsity debates and sports; the first citizens forum (called the round table) alternating between Edmonton and Calgary, and the first transcontinental hook-up (organized by Canadian National Railways) of which CKUA was the Edmonton station. In course of time the transmission and studio facilities were improved and brought up-to-date and today the station (CKUA) has a modern transmitter and studios operated by the Alberta Government Telephones with a small studio and control facilities in one of the buildings at the University which has certain time on the air for its educational programs. But the old days are gone, and the memories of the burlap-draped studio only nostalgic. Every car-horn and barking dog and passing plane could and did go on the air from this far from sound-proof studio. On one occasion when a play was being broadcast dealing with the Indian Mutiny, a girl supposed to be watching from the walls of Lucknow for the relieving force read from her script—"Hark, I hear the bagpipes!"—the control operator was not quite ready with the bagpipe record, and instead of martial music the listeners distinctly heard a C.P.R. locomotive crossing the High Level bridge emit two long and two short blasts from its whistle.





the chipmunk

Chipmunk has always thought it a grand thing to live near the university, and especially so these warm July days. The campus is so beautiful you wonder how the busy summer school people can possibly concentrate on books—the new engineering building is beginning to rise over the high board fence that hid its rough beginnings and is taking on the shape of an imposing structure—and not only can you enjoy all this beauty and activity, but almost every week you can spend at least one lovely summer evening listening to summer school special events—a piano or organ recital, a choral concert, or the studio theatre production “The Italian Straw Hat”.

The University has been blessed lately by many gifts from organizations and individuals whose generosity reflects the growing interest in its work. One fund which has received a number of donations is that being collected to cover the cost of editing and publishing a book on birds of Alberta. This book represents the life work of the late Frank Farley of Camrose, Alberta, an ardent bird lover who collected a great deal of data on Alberta birds and their habits. The work is being edited by Mr. A. L. Wilk, also of Camrose, in collaboration with the University department of zoology.

Mr. Claude Callinger, prominent Alberta lives-tockraiser, has given an impetus to the work of the department of animal science by presenting a calf and a young steer to be fitted as possible competitors in the next Toronto Royal Winter Fair.

Mrs. Irene Gonsett of North Hollywood, California, has presented the University with \$1,000 for the purpose of establishing the nucleus of a collection of books on Ukrainian language and literature in memory of her husband, the late Mr. R. R. Gonsett, a one-time resident of Vegreville, Alberta.

Members of the 1941 graduating class in medicine are building up a student loan fund

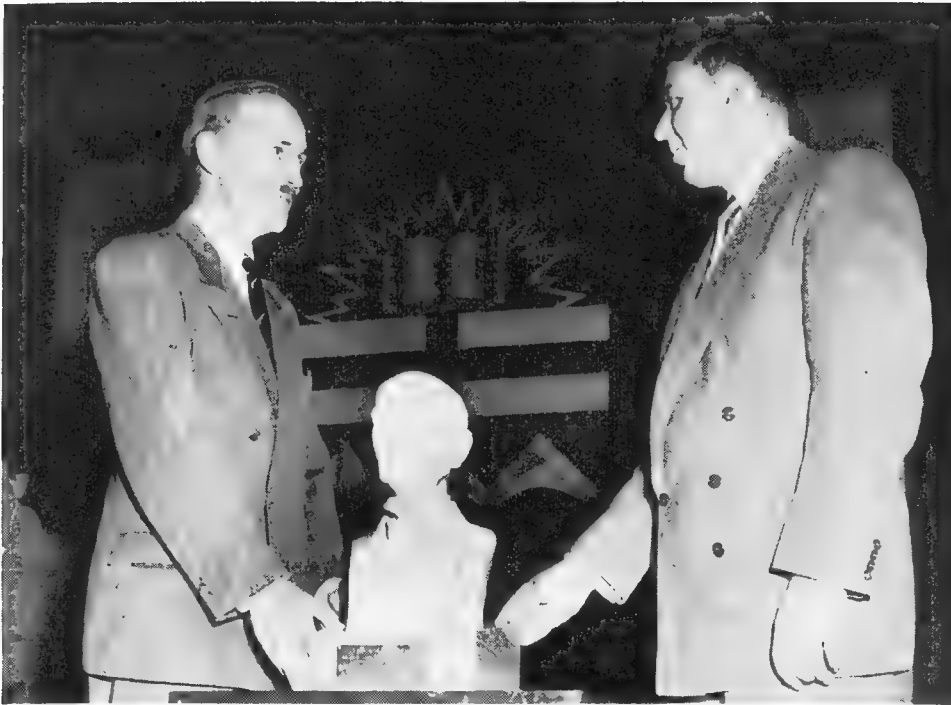
to assist medical students to complete their studies without interruptions caused by lack of funds. Scores of students will be helped by the revolving fund over the years.

Mr. Cecil Burgess, former professor of architecture at the University has made a gift of a set of Journals of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

The work of the new Dr. John S. MacEachern Cancer Research Laboratory has been substantially aided by the presentation of a cheque for \$2500 donated by the Welfare Chest Fund of the Edmonton civic employees association. The money will be used to purchase special equipment for cancer research.

One of the most interesting of recent gifts is a collection of note books written by Eben McAdam on his journey across the Canadian North West to the Yukon in 1898 and 1899. The collection, was presented by Miss Linda McAdam of West Roxbury, Massachusetts, and will be kept among the archives of the Rutherford library.

The most important items in the collection are two note books containing Mr. McAdam's diary from March 17, 1898 to April 28, 1899. These appear to be the second and third of a series of three note books of which the first is missing. Mr. McAdam began his journey from his home in Montreal and apparently travelled by rail to Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, half way between Saskatoon and Prince Albert. From there on he and his party travelled by boats, pack horses, and toboggans for fourteen months by way of Green Lake, Isle a la Crosse Lake, the Clearwater River to Fort McMurray, Alberta, from where they went on to Fort Chipewyan, Great Slave Lake, and Fort Providence, down the Mackenzie beyond the Arctic Circle to Fort McPherson, up the Peel River to the Wind River, and across the Mackenzie Mountains through a pass to the head



University of Alberta valedictory exercises, recalling the past years on the campus and expressing hope for the future success of graduating students was held in May in the University gymnasium. The pre-convocation service featured the class history, greetings from the alumni association and the valedictory address. In the picture above William Boytzen, right, senior class president, is shown presenting the class gift, a bust of the late Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, third president of the University, to Dr. Andrew Stewart, who accepted it on behalf of the University.

waters of the Stewart River in the Yukon east of Dawson.

Over most of this route, Mr. McAdam's party of five packed a total of two and a half tons of supplies, and even so they found these were barely adequate to provide for their winter needs in the camp they established in the fall of 1898 on the Wind River. The diary gives a dramatic account of drowning of men "tracking" up the northern rivers, scurvy in the winter camp, and finally the crossing of the pass into the gold fields. A later journal tells of a trip by dog team from Fairbanks to Dawson in the winter of 1906-07.

Miss Linda McAdam, donor of her father's diary, had presented a number of other interesting gifts to the University in previous years. These include a collection of medals, coins, and paper notes, the leg bone of a mammoth found near the mouth of the Peace River in 1898, and

an Indian basket and hunting knife. These are now housed in the University's geological museum and in the Rutherford Library.

In the lull between Convocation and summer school come the Annual Feeders' Day followed by Farm Young People's Week. Feeders' Day was attended by about one thousand farmers and others who enjoyed a barbecue lunch on the University farm grounds and heard reports on the university's feeding experiments over the past year. A novel feature of this year's Feeders' Day was a demonstration of a new type of implement that cultivates, fertilizes and renovates pasture fields. The machine carries a row of small discs which slit the sod. These are followed by a series of boot-shaped blades that run along a few inches below the surface and, from a seeder-like box above, deposit commercial fertilizer to enrich the stores

of mineral in the soil. The object is to rebuild without plowing down and reseedling.

If you suffer from hay fever it may or may not be of some comfort to know that aerobiological surveys are being carried out by the University's botany department to determine the causes and incidence of this common affliction in various districts of Alberta.

The survey, carried out by Dr. E. H. Moss, professor of botany and Miss Lorene Kennedy, lecturer in botany, is financed by the Dominion public health research grant. Stations were set up at Beaverlodge, Vermilion, Drumheller, Calgary, Banff, Coleman, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, and Manyberries, as well as Edmonton. Equipment at these stations permitted the recording of data on concentrations of such common allergens as the ragweed family and trees such as poplar, willow, birch and juniper. From this data pollen calendars were made up showing the periods of greatest density of the various pollen throughout the year. According to the survey there are two periods which favor hay fever—the spring, when poplar is the chief cause, and the fall when the commonest sources are pigweed, and sowworts, but the most toxic is ragweed. Alberta would seem to be a good place for hay fever sufferers, especially in the Peace River district where the concentrations of pollen were found to be the lowest of any area studied. Medicine Hat proved to be the least favorable location, while Coleman, Drumheller, and Lethbridge also showed some traces of pollen.

Dr. Francis Owen, whose retirement as head of the department of modern languages was noted in our last issue, has left for Europe where he plans to complete his history of Germanic culture. Dr. Owen will make his headquarters

in Hanover, Germany, but plans also to visit southern France, Italy, Denmark, Norway, and the British Isles.

Dr. Owen's work will be the first complete history of the Germanic peoples to be written in English. It will deal not only with language but with archaeological, anthropological and geological background. It will cover the growth of Germanic culture from Neolithic times to 500 A.D.

Two of four graduate fellowships offered by Imperial Oil Ltd. have been awarded to Alberta graduates. The fellowships are valued up to \$1250 a year and may be held for a period up to three years. David MacIndoo Fawcett has been awarded a fellowship in biochemistry which he intends to use for post-graduate study at McMaster University, working towards his Ph.D. through research into "the route of synthesis of the hormone thyroxine." A similar fellowship in geology has been awarded to Ronald Allan Burwash who will go to the University of Minnesota for research into the nature of the pre-cambrian formations underlying the plains of western Canada.

Two other graduates have received awards which will enable them to study in the United States and Britain. Ronald S. McLean has won a fellowship for study at the Fletcher school of law and diplomacy at Tufts College. The school is an affiliate of Harvard with a graduate school restricted to fifty students each year. It gives advanced training in international economics, international law, and diplomatic history, to prepare students for a career in the foreign service. Hugh J. Whalen has received a Beaverbrook overseas scholarship of \$2,100 a year for post-graduate study in public administration at the London school of Economics.

Alberta Graduate Appointed to Manitoba Post

Dr. John Robert Weir, who graduated from the University of Alberta in 1938 with an M.Sc. degree in agriculture, has been appointed dean of agriculture at the University of Manitoba, it was announced recently. Also a graduate of the U. of Manitoba, Dr. Weir, prior to his new appointment, was head of the field husbandry department at Ontario Agricultural College.

» » Alumni Notes « «

1924

Mrs. W. Orson Banfield (nee **Beatrice Timmins**), taught home economics for three years and since then has been very active voluntarily in University women's clubs, girl guides, Red Cross and community chest organizations.

1925

Ethel Bertha Fagan is now solicitor for and one of the directors of the Social Credit Association in Ontario.

1927

Robert R. Mitchell, Q. C. was appointed solicitor for Alberta in 1951, and appointed Q. C. in 1951. He now has a family of four children—three boys and one girl.

1927

Dr. H. E. Rawlinson, who has been with the University of Alberta in the anatomy department since 1938, tells us that his hair is grayer, he is a few pounds heavier, not much wiser and poorer financially.

1927

The director of the dept of radiology, Vancouver General Hosp., Vancouver, **Robert Wallace Boyd**, is also a Fellow of the American College of Radiology

1935

Lawrence J. Smith has been manager of the co-op hatcheries in Edmonton since 1949. Prior to this he was plant superintendent for Alberta poultry marketers.

1935

A graduate of the University of Alberta, **Dr. Gerald L. Burke**, is now senior orthopaedic surgeon of St Paul's Hospital, chief of orthopaedic staff of the Children's Hospital and consultant in orthopaedics at the Burnaby General Hospital in Vancouver, B. C.

1935

Horace M. Boles has been with Shell Oil Co. since graduation—technical service—sales—and his present position as Ontario division sales manager.

1936

In the news recently was **Dr. J. Ernest Ayre**, 42, who will become executive-director of a Florida Cancer Institute. Previously he served as director of the department of gynecology at Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

1936

Camby Cerman Gillespie tells us that he now has three children, two girls and one boy, and that he is very much enjoying his new work—being associated with the oil industry in the "Oil Capital of Canada", Calgary.

1937

Formerly staff anesthetist at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal and demonstrator in anesthesia at McGill University, **Dr. Arthur M. Torrie**, entered the private practice of anesthesiology in Seattle in July of 1951.

1937

A resident of British Columbia since 1947, **M. Doreen E. Fraser** was for a time public library commissioner of Prince George. From there she went to the library of the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. At present she holds the position of bio-medical librarian at U. of B. C.

1937

The honorary secretary of the Alumni Association, G. B. Taylor, had a very pleasant call recently from **Jean K. Macdonald** on her way back from Ann Arbor, Michigan, to Victoria after taking her final examination for a Ph. D. degree from the University of Michigan.

1938

Dr. L. O. Bradley has been appointed administrator of the Calgary General Hospital board. His wife is the former **Mona Bounds** of Edmonton, a graduate in nursing from the University of Alberta. They have three children. While in the east, Dr. Bradley took a keen interest in the Alumni Association. He is the current president of the University of Alberta alumni, Toronto branch. The Bradleys will take up residence in Calgary in late August.

1940

Former manager of the Ritz hotel, Edmonton, **G. Roland McLean** has established his own plant—Elsro Asphalt, Ltd., at Lloydminster, Alberta.

1940

An Edmonton man, **Don R. Stanley**, has been elected a member of the Scientific Research Society of America, while working on his doctoral thesis at Harvard University.

Mr Stanley is a past president of the Alberta public health association and of the western Canada water and sewage conference

1942

Elected president of the Alberta Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1950, **J. Roger Flumerfelt** was, on June 25, 1952, elected national president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. His home is in Calgary.

Horace Jacobs received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Southern California at the 69th annual commencement in June of this year.

A brilliant student of the classics, **E G (Ted) Pulleyblank**, B.A. '42, has arrived in Canada after a year spent in Japan doing research work in the field of Chinese literature and history. Ted has been appointed lecturer in Chinese studies at the University of London, England

1946

George William Charles Mathers, Calgary, recently received his Ph.D. in electrical engineering from Stanford University, California.

1947

Dr. Gilbert M. Campbell has changed from his residency in psychiatry at the Syracuse Psychopathic Hospital, Syracuse, N. Y. to a residency in psychiatry at the Brooklyn State Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A new member of the staff of the Registrar's office, University of British Columbia, is **W. Merritt Fizzell**.

1949

Dr. W. E. Spector, associated with the Cedars of Lebanon hospital in Los Angeles for the past three years, spent some time in June visiting with his parents, Mr and Mrs. Sam Spector, Edmonton

Paul George Rooney received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the California

Institute of Technology in June of this year. At the same time, two other former U. of A. graduates, **Anatol Roshko '45**, and **Gerald David Fasman '48**, received their Ph.D.'s. Dr. Rooney was a member of the summer session teaching staff at U. of A.

A visitor in Edmonton this summer from Peterboro, Ontario, was **Mrs. G. W. Herzog** (nee **Joan Armstrong**). While here, thirteen of her classmates (the number still residing in Edmonton) had a grand re-union and revived fond memories of dear old U. of A.

Late in June we had a very short chat with two law graduates namely **J. B. Ritchie '49**, who opened up his own law office in Nelson, B. C. about two years ago, and **C. L. Liden '51** who is setting up a new law practice in Edmonton with another U. of A. graduate, **J. Alex Murray '51**.

Dr. William Douglas McCauley is in partnership with another U. of A. graduate in medicine, **Dr. Raymond Duncan**. They have a general practice in Duncan, B. C.

Jack R. Brown has been geologist with Calvan Consolidated Oil and Gas Co. Ltd., since 1951

Former surface and sub-surface geologist with Socony Vacuum Exploration Co., **David Bruce Bullock**, has formed a consulting firm in association with R. D. Hughes.

1950

Miss Frances Little is thoroughly enjoying her present position which entails testing recipes in a very modern and beautiful test kitchen, revising recipe booklets and answering correspondence addressed to "Rita Martin" which is the name given to Robin Hood's home service personality. She also tells us that there are so many Albertans in Montreal that they will soon outnumber the Maritimers there.

Cost engineer with Brown and Root Ltd., is **Harold L. Morrison**. He is now working on the Canadian Chemical Co. plant being constructed at Clover Bar.

1951

William F. McLean was admitted to the bar recently. He will remain with the law firm of Milner, Steer, Dyde, Poirier, Martland and Layton with whom he has articulated for the past year.

James P. Jorgensen has the distinction of being the first local man to be admitted to the legal profession in the Peace River court house. For the past year he has articulated to the firm of G W Baldwin. Mr. Jorgensen plans to open an office in Manning.

Bruce A. Powe entered the Dominion civil service as administrative trainee and is now with the organization branch of the Civil Service Commission in Ottawa.

E. Richmond Olson, formerly a very active member of the University debating club, the dramatic club, the literary Association, the University provincial players and the law club was admitted to the bar recently. Mr. Olson will continue to be associated with the law firm of Lindsay, Emery, Ford, Massie and Jamieson.

Gerald L. Colborne joined Canada Cement Co. Ltd, Exshaw, in 1951. He has now been promoted to company geologist in the head office in Montreal.

Beatrice Elsie Cole is science instructress

in nursing at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton.

1952

A scholarship in the singing division of the Banff School of Fine Arts has been won by **Katherine Buchanan**. Miss Buchanan won the talent contest sponsored by Harmony House in May and June.

At Banff she will study under Dr. Ernesto Vinci, of the Royal Conservatory of Music, and Professor R. S. Eaton, of the University of Alberta. Miss Buchanan will be a member of a family party attending the Banff school this year as her mother received a scholarship from the Canadian handicraft guild to take a course in leathercraft. A sister is attending at the same time.

Robin R. Jackson is studying at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and working towards his Ph. D. in electrical engineering.

Frances N. Farley is a computer for the California Standard Oil Co., in their Edmonton office.

CANADIANS IN THE ARTS

Editorial excerpts, Edmonton Journal, July 7

The University of Alberta recently announced the names of the distinguished Canadians who will receive, through the Banff School of Fine Arts, its national awards in the fine arts for 1952 . . . this does not suddenly elevate these three Toronto men to positions of distinction. The awards simply recognize, in fact, that they have already done that for themselves. Besides honouring recipients for their outstanding work in the arts, therefore, the main function of the awards is to draw public attention to the fact of this work, to the stature of such men, and thus also to the important part played by the fine arts in Canadian life . . .

As a result of the University of Alberta awards, however, more Canadians henceforth should know of these men and their outstanding work, and should appreciate that much is being done in the arts in this country.

Have You Paid Your Dues to the Alumni Association?

NEWS from the branches

Since the last issue of **The New Trail** went out we have heard unofficially of some doings sponsored by various branches, but to date not many have got around to sending us any copy. Secretaries of branches please note that we are always looking for news of your branches' activities.

Victoria

This flourishing branch of the alumni association met twice earlier in the year. At a May meeting new officers were elected. They are: President, R. W. Chard, replacing Dr. Harold Turner, Vice-President, Lilius Milne (re-elected), Secretary, W. Burns Scott, replacing R. W. Chard, Treasurer, Mrs. Ardyce Syme, taking over from Muriel Knight.

At the close of elections Mrs. W. A. Trenholme, hostess, entertained the alumni with films taken during her recent world tour.

June, the month of picnics, found the Victoria alumni toasting weiners and brewing coffee at Cadboro Bay. In spite of inclement weather, 35 hardy souls turned out. Naturally the children enjoyed themselves to the limit. At the conclusion of the picnic Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Chard were hosts at tea.

"The Dents"

There is no better way of honouring men than to help perpetuate their good works. That is what the Dental alumni association had in mind when they recently established two bursaries for third-year dental students at the University, in honour of Drs. H. E. Bulyea and H. A. Gilchrist.

Dr. Scott Hamilton, dean of the faculty of dentistry, accepted the awards on behalf of the University at a May meeting of the Edmonton district dental society and dental alumni association.

Recent Marriages

Ivan Leigh Head '52 to Barbara Spence Eagle
 Dr. Douglas Morris Asp '52 to Mary Margaret Boyd
 Edgar Peter Loughheed '52 to Jeanne Estelle Rogers '51
 Edward C. Hough to Patricia Helene MacDonald '48
 John Godefroid to Illa Rue Rice '49.
 Albert Benoit Croteau to Kathleen Annabell Ambrose '48
 Hodgson Peter Simon '51 to Carmen Jeanette Wilson '50
 Dr. Robert Sayre Cox, Jr. to Catherine Anne Haney '48
 Gordon Lyons to Elizabeth Gwen Underhill '49.
 A. E. Edwards to Laura E. L. Edwards '49.
 Frank H. Olsen to Edith Linney '49.
 Vernon Henderson to Margaret Wannop '47.
 Malcolm George Gressman to Treva Virginia Abell '49

Deaths

A well known teacher at the Calgary Hebrew school, and former graduate of the University of Alberta, **Mrs. Murray W. Raby (nee Stella Mary Catley '43)**, passed away on June 16 of this year.

Dr. Reginald R. G. Watt, 48, University of Southern California faculty member since 1928, and graduate of the University of Alberta, died on May 18 while seated at his desk in the SC Administration Building shortly after giving a class examination.



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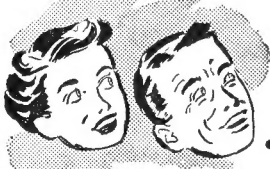
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